WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1916 No. 5

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

King Henry VIII., His Wives and His Children. Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens and Popes

Outline Sketch of Our Political History

Editorial Notes and Clippings

Jeffersonian Publishing Co.
THOMSON, :: GEORGIA

The Story of France

By THOS. E. WATSON

TWO VOLUMES—$3.50

REVISED EDITION

CONTAINS:

THE ROMAN CONQUEST: The Gauls, the Druids, the Minstrels, etc.

THE FRANKISH CONQUEST: Clovis, the Triumph of Christianity, Defeat of Saracens, etc.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS TIMES.

THE DARK AGES: Feudalism, Superstition, Papal Power and Tyranny, Religious Persecutions.

THE INSTITUTION OF CHIVALRY.

THE CRUSADES.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

JOAN OF ARC: Her pure girlhood; heroic mission; saves France; burnt to death by priests of Rome; then canonized as a saint.

THE ALBIGENSIAN CRUSADE: The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

THE OLD REGIME: What it was in Church and State. The Rule of the Harlots, both in Church and State. Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Dragonnades.

THE REFORMATION.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: Rise of Napoleon Bonaparte, and reorganization of both Church and State.

In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

THE SOLE PUBLISHERS ARE:

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.

Thomson, - Georgia

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR --- TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1916 No. 5

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—(A Poem) My Little Sweetheart of the Long Ago. That Girl in the Bonnet of Blue.....Joel B. Fort

BY THE EDITOR

KING HENRY VIII., HIS WIVES AND HIS CHILDREN. ALSO SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORANEOUS KINGS, QUEENS, AND POPES 251

OUTLINE SKETCH OF OUR POLITICAL HISTORY..... 262

EDITORIAL NOTES,..... 290

THE WOMAN OF BABYLON,.....Jos. Hocking.. 270

A DAY AT ST. HELENA,..... 285

JOHN WESLEY ON ROMANISM,.....

MIRACLES, (A Poem) 261

Published Monthly by THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

My Little Sweetheart of the Long Ago. That Girl in the Bonnet of Blue.

JOEL B. FORT.

The years have flown, and styles have changed;
With hats of delicate hue,
And silken tresses, with taste arranged:
But where is the bonnet of blue?

Her cheeks were fair, with roses set there,
And her heart beat warm and true;
With a magic tread, and a queenly air:
My Girl in the bonnet of blue.

We met at the spring, neath the broad Beech tree,
'Twas a meeting, and greeting too,
For the world didn't know, and the world couldn't see,
What met in the bonnet of blue.

Oh! Memory come from your treasured main,
Come kindle the pleasure again anew,
Let me clasp in my arms, let me fondle again
That Girl in the bonnet of blue.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIII SEPTEMBER, 1916 No. 5

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

THE lives of Henry VIII., Francis I., Charles V., of several Popes were so closely connected, in alternate alliances and antagonisms, that each deserves separate mention.

The French king came to the throne as next heir, in default of male issue from the body of Louis XII., who was thrice married, but who died without a son. Francis was tall, powerfully built, active, and expert in manly exercises. In temperament, he was ardent, imperious, fond of pleasure, devoted to the chase, impatient of application to business, and ready at any time to pour the nation's treasure in a harlot's lap, if she were young, pretty, and sought by other men.

He was frankly unmoral, apparently devoid of any sense of sexual virtue. In his eyes, a chaste man and a pure woman were ridiculous. At his court, they *were*—or would have been, had they been there. When Admiral Bonnivet designed a trap-door which let him down, in his night clothes, to the bed of the king's sister, and met a scratched-face defeat at her hands, her brother laughed heartily at the adventure.

(The story is told by Queen Margaret herself, in her well-known *Heptameron.*)

When the King's own mistress, Diana of Poitiers, offered to take charge of his sullen and awkward son, live with him as *his* concubine, and improve his *manners*, Francis readily consented; and the beautiful young woman immediately transferred herself from the bed of the father to that of the son.

("Two Great Rivals." Haggard. 403 p.)

Mentally, Francis was quick, bright, and shallow; unstable, and veering whenever the interests of the hour seemed likely to be served by a change.

As a monarch, absolutely in control of the money and the lives of the French, he was extravagant, heedless of national welfare, eager in pursuit of personal glory and dynastic power. He exhausted the resources of his kingdom by rash efforts to establish his royal claims in Italy, and by his failure to support the armies which he put in the field. Either his rapacious mother, or his scarlet women needed the money, for lack of which his generals were

paralyzed and his soldiers forced to become marauding desperadoes.

Passionately in love with outward splendor, he set the fashion of building Italian palaces; and he encouraged painters, sculptors, workers in bronze, landscape artists, etc. It cannot be said that he fostered learning, founded schools, or sought any general improvement of his people. It was a barren reign, and a life of tinsel, consecrated to Self.

He must have been considered handsome; he was so physically superb and magnetic, dashing and accomplished; but, in the portraits which have come down to us, his face is that of a Satyr.

Scandalous chronicles say that he died of a shameful disease, then very common among the high-born of France.

Charles V. was far superior to either of his great rivals, as a politician, as a man of affairs, as a statesman, and as a manager of men. From his grandparents, perhaps, he inherited a genius for intrigue, for consummate craft, for patient perseverance, and for callous disregard of the rights of others. Ferdinand and Isabella would have been immensely proud of their wily, astute, unprincipled grandson, Charles V., who played with peoples, Kings, and Popes, built up the mightiest empire since Charlemagne, and drew from the New World a golden revenue which exceeded the dreams of Crœsus and Solomon.

Charles, also, was a stalwart man, physically, a good horseman, able to hold his own with sword and lance; but his face was somewhat disfigured by the lower jaw—known later as the Hapsburg peculiarity—which in some of his descendants made it impossible for them to chew food, since the lower jaw protruded beyond the upper.

Like Henry VII., Charles was a man of thought, of guile, of manipulation. He laid the plans, and others did the fighting. He formed the combinations and furnished the brains; but almost always he personally kept in the background.

This trait was inherited by his son, Philip II., in exaggerated form; and his small, plain room in the palace, near Madrid, became the centre of a world-wide spider's web: millions felt, but few saw, the spider.

Charles V. was not more virtuous than Henry and Francis; and, in personal habits, he was less temperate than either, for he ate and drank to excess.

All the world knows how he wore himself out, prematurely, resigned his kingdoms to his son, retired into a Spanish monastery, and gluttonized his way into a most edifying death.

Pope Alexander VI., who touches our story in its earlier stages, died in 1503, whether of fever or of poison, historians still dispute. He was such an extraordinarily vile, cruel, and murderous priest, that no crime imputed to him seemed incredible.

His reputation was not made by his enemies, as were those of Richard III., Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII., and Philip the Fair. Alexander's reputation was made by his public acts, his open life, his undeniable decrees; and by those who were his friendly associates, his courtiers, and his representatives.

That he sold a divorce to Louis XII., in order to advance the fortunes of his bastard son, Cæsar Borgia, is as notorious as that he divorced his bastard daughter, Lucretia, from Giovani Sforza, in order that she might obtain a dowry of 40,000 ducats, and become the Princess Bisselli.

No one can deny his responsibility for the burning of Savonarola, whose crime was that he had fiercely denounced the corruption of the people and the church, lashing the Pope, the Cardinals, and the clericals, generally, because of their greed, lusts and lawlessness.

(Villari's Life and Times of Savonorola, Vol. II., pages 190 *et seq.*)

No one denies Alexander's terrible record, in the matter of building up for Cæsar a kingdom in Italy: no one can deny that he sold the highest offices in the church: no one denies his alliance with the Turks, to make war on Christ-

ians; no one can successfully dispute the fact that he converted the Vatican into a brothel, where nude courtesans disported themselves with the papal flunkeys—also naked—for the amusement of the Pope, his vicious son, and his amiably unmoral daughter.

And it was *this* Pope *who* instituted a rigorous censorship of literature!

When Alexander died, of poison which he meant to give to Cardinal Corneto, or of malignant fever, then raging in Rome, the corpse became so hideous and offensive that the Vatican was shunned like a pest-house. No priest officiated: no throngs came to kiss the foot: no gorgeous funeral filled and illuminated St. Peter's. A cheap coffin was hastily and rudely made by obscure carpenters: the swollen body of the dead man was brought to St. Peter's, at night; and when the box was found to be too small, the irreverent and impatient workmen *pounded the corpse into the box!*

(Sabatini's Life of Cæsar Borgia, page 411.)

Pius III. lived only 26 days, and Julius II., who succeeded, was a man of different type, altogether. He won and wore the title of "The Warrior Pope." In one of his Italian campaigns, he ordered his general to massacre every man, woman, and child in the city he was besieging.

Stern, ambitious, crafty, and cruel, he had none of the magnetism of the Borgias, and not much of their marvellous ability.

At the seige of Mirandola, the Pope appeared in person, rode along the lines urging his troops, praising the bold and scolding the timid—a strange performance for an old and feeble priest, who pretended to believe himself the personal embodiment of Christ.

When the town fell, the Pope charged proudly through the breach, amid the dying and the dead.

He formed the League of Cambray for the purpose of making war upon Venice, (1508), and drew into this confederacy the Emperor Charles V., King Francis I., the Marquis of Mantua, and the Duke of Ferrara.

Appalled by the impending danger, Venice humbled herself before the Pope, and prayed for peace. Julius spurned the Venetian envoys, excommunicated the Republic, and authorized whoever was able, to seize Venetian property. War followed, and the Pope sent his own army to slaughter fellow Catholics.

Against such a combination of foes, Venice could not stand. She lost her possessions on the Italian mainland, and sued for peace. The Pope favored it, because of his jealousy of the growing power of Francis in Italy.

Henry VIII. threw his influence to the distressed Venetians, and the Pope graciously accepted from them a very abject surrender to his ecclesiastical pretensions. (1510.)

Then Julius turned upon his ally, the King of France, picked a quarrel with him, and excommunicated *him.* Francis threatened the fiery Pope with a General Council, so dreaded by occupants of "St. Peter's Chair." As a counter move, Julius summoned a Council of his own.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Pope worked hard to form a league of Spain, England, and Venice, against France. But the French won the battle of Ravenna; and the dismay of the Allies was so great that the Cardinals implored Julius to make peace. He stubbornly refused, and the war went on. The Council summoned by Francis (adjourned from Pisa to Milan) denounced the Pope as "a disturber of the peace, a sower of discord among the people of God, a rebel to the Church, a public incendiary, a blood-thirsty tyrant, hardened in his iniquity and incorrigible."

His suspension from his office was proclaimed, and the decree was strictly enforced in France.

(Bower's History of the Popes. Vol. 6, p. 395.)

The Council summoned by Julius met in the Lateran church, Rome, less than a month later.

The sessions lasted until the Pope's death, Feb. 1513; and its work, as far as completed, was everything that Julius could have desired. It was defiantly emphatic in saying that a Council has no power over a Pope—in which case the Council of Constance did wrong to depose a criminal priest who confessed himself guilty of adultery, rape, incest, murder, and the sin of Sodom.

The private character of Julius was bad: he was a lover of wine and of women: and, in his vices there was no joyous conviviality, no tender sentiment.

In Dr. Cormenin's "History of the Popes," we are told that an insurrection broke out, in Rome, upon the death of Julius II., that many priests were slain, and Churches and monasteries pillaged.

When the Cardinals shut themselves in the room where a new Pope was to be elected, one of their number, John de Medici, was suffering severely from a local trouble, which created a sickening stench.

In such books as "Human Sexuality," we are told that the Cardinal's offensive ailment was venereal; but De Cormenin vaguely mentions "abcesses." Anyway, the smell was very bad, and the old cardinals, confined in a close room with the source of it, began to fear evil consequences to their own dear health.

Therefore, these holy men—turning their backs upon relics and miracles—consulted doctors, wishing to know what relief there might be in medical science from these untoward and disagreeable circumstances.

The physicians advised that nothing could be done, except to wait as patiently as posible for De Medici to die, which desired event would surely take place within a month. This was poor consolation to these holy old men, who had already been living in the sick cardinal's odor until they were almost sick themselves. Taking counsel, the one with the other, they decided that the best way out of it, was to elect De Medici as the next Pope; and then, when he should have gone to glory shortly, they could re-convene, and elect some one who didn't stink.

The unexpected happened, as usual. De Medici got well, to become known to all future ages, *as Leo X.*, the Pope who excommunicated Martin Luther on account of his obstinate maintenance of the theses, that the Pope could not sell pardons for sins, and that the Roman church had no right to kill people for rejecting her ridiculous creed.

Leo was the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Duke of Florence, and had been made a cardinal at the age of thirteen. As temporal lord of some gay Italian city, he would have been a brilliant figure. Courtly in manner, affable in human intercourse, easily approachable, fond of the company of scholars, gifted with a fine taste in literature and art, this Pope more nearly resembled the licentious King of France than the stern Spaniard, his predecessor. There are some stories which even picture Leo X. as an atheist, scoffing at "the Virgin birth" as "a profitable fable." There can be no question about his notoriously immoral life, the wild extravagance of his expenditures, and the absence of *reverence* from the Vatican, during his pontificate.

There had been a papal tax on crimes under Pope John XXII., and Leo determined to enlarge this, so as to include pardons for adultery, rape, incest, sodomy, bestiality, and assassination. Needing money for his profligate living, to dower an illegitimate child, and to finish St. Peter's, the Pope sent out his agents, far and wide, to peddle "Indulgences." These pieces of paper, issued at Rome under the papal seal, promised a full remission of all sins, according to a scale of prices. The pardons were not only good for past sins, but for those to come; not only good for persons living, but for persons dead—so that money purchased the release of souls in purgatory, and assured Heaven to those who might still live and sin.

(I have gone into the particulars of

the Reformation in my "House of Hapsburgh," and will not repeat the story here.)

Of the Pope's own manner of life we have a description in. De Cormenin's work; and this is fully corroborated by a recent volume, (1908), "The Medici Popes," published in London. The author is Herbert M. Vaughan, M. A.

"In that, Leo the Tenth was not exempt from blame, and the energy which his holiness had displayed in the beginning of his pontificate, was prodigiously modified since the death of his brother and nephew. Having no longer the aggrandisement of his family to occupy him, the pope had passed his time in pleasures; the chase, says Paul Jovius, was especially his favorite exercise; he knew its laws better than those of scripture. He punished with blows, says the historian, those who, by imprudence or want of skill, allowed the beast to escape, and his humor was so ill when the hunt was unsuccessful, that his minions and mistresses dared not even speak to him. But when his blows had struck down the beast, when he had killed a tall stag or vigorous wild boar, his joy resembled delirium, and at these moments he never refused the favors and benefices which were asked of him.

The nights passed in interminable festivities, in which the luxury of lights and of the table service surpassed everything in the most opulent courts of Europe and Asia. No emperor, king, or pope ever carried his epicurism so far as Leo the Tenth; thus the highest employments awaited the invention of a new ragout. His holiness had four masters of the art occupied in inventing unheard-of dishes; it is to their care that humanity owes sausages stuffed with slices of peacocks, and in return for this useful invention, the faithful had only to pay seven millions a year for the table of the pope.

In the festivals of the Vatican, numerous buffoons were employed to enliven the guests by their gay sallies, to which Leo the Tenth replied, to show the fancy of his mind, and strove with them in cynicism in language, and frivolity in ideas. Young girls and handsome boys clothed in oriental costumes, and expert in the arts of debauchery, had orders to caress the guests, and these festivities were terminated almost always, by orgies only excelled by those of the Borgias.

Still, amidst these revels, the pontiff did not entirely forget the interests of the throne of the church, and followed the policy of his predecessors; for at the very time that he was selling to Francis the First authority to conquer Naples, he was demanding six thousand ducats from Charles the Fifth, to grant him the right to style himself king of Naples and emperor of Germany, notwithstanding the bulls of the pontiffs, which prohibited the two crowns from being placed on the same head."

Leo X. is one of the Popes who has received lenient teratment from Protestant writers, because of patronage of art and literature; but the historic facts make out a black case against him. He excommunicated the "heretics" in Sweden, and compelled King Christian to slaughter them atrociously. He was ever engaged in political intrigue, and in wars of his own making. When he died, the event was so sudden that no "last rites" could be administered, and this tragedy was due to over-exertion in hunting, followed by over-exultation on being told that the French had lost Milan.

Literally, he died fighting Catholics.

A curious and terrible episode in Leo's epochal career was "THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CARDINALS."

I will quote Vaughan's account of it:

"But Leo's gay and brilliant court, wherein the headlong pursuit of learning and of pleasure ran its course unchecked, was not fated to continue without its due share of gloomy and repulsive tragedies, nor can the Pope himself be deemed blameless for their occurrence. It was not long after his accession that a sense of disappointment began to affect the minds of the score or so of Italian cardinals who had elected Giovanni de' Medici, and though Leo both from natural inclina-

tion as well as from set policy showed himself invariably courteous and conciliatory towards the members of the Sacred College, yet by degrees this simmering discontent tended ultimately to develop into a real revolt against his person and authority. The causes contributing to this new-sprung spirit of disaffection at the Roman court were many and various, but the papal favour openly shown in Rome to the Florentine adherents of the Medici and the determined prosecution of the war of Urbino were of themselves capable of arousing the hostile jealousy of many members of the College. Amongst others, Raffaele Riario, the wealthiest Churchman in Rome and the senior cardinal, had been greatly exasperated by Leo's forcible expulsion from his realm of Francesco Della Rovere, the late Pope's nephew and Riario's own kinsman, and this personal displeasure was felt, though in a less degree, by the other cardinals who for divers reasons were attached to the interests of the Della Rovere family. The whole College moreover had been deeply angered by the Pope's recent bestowal of scarlet hats, contrary to the pledge exacted from him prior to his election, although the number of cardinals so created before the spring of 1517 had not exceeded eight in number. For in the first year of his pontificate Leo had conferred the supreme honour upon his secretary Bernardo Dovizi and upon Lorenzo Pucci, both of them Tuscans, and also upon Lorenzo Cybo, a youth of twenty, his own nephew and the grandson of Pope Innocent VIII., who had been the original promoter of the Medici's career in the Church.

This moderate use of his legitimate prerogative proved however highly distasteful to the older members of the Sacred College, but that which especially served to rouse their jealousy and ire was the Pope's questionable conduct in regard to his cousin Giulio de' Medici, the most devoted but by no means the ablest counsellor Leo had at his command. Giulio, who had long wavered between the choice of a secular or an ecclesiastical career, had ridden at his kinsman's coronation procession in the capacity of a knight of Rhodes, but a few days later he made a final decision, accepting the archbishopric of Florence from Leo, who met the inevitable objection to Giulio's base birth by granting the new-made prelate a special dispensation enabling him to fill so exalted an office. This unusual form of favoritism gave no little offence, which was immeasurably increased, when shortly afterwards the Pope appointed a commission to inquire into all the circumstances of his cousin's alleged parentage with the obvious intention of declaring him the legitimate son and heir of that Giuliano de' Medici, who had been murdered by the Pazzi conspirators in the Duomo of Florence in 1478. This inquiry was so patent a sham and a subterfuge, that boundless indignation but little or no surprise was manifested, when this packed body of commissioners reported the new archbishop of Florence to be verily the actual child and heir of the murdered Giuliano by his true wife, a certain Florentine lady by name Simonetta Gorini, with whom he had contracted a secret marriage. On 20th September, 1513, accordingly, a papal proclamation, professing to be based on the finding of this commission, affirmed Giulio de' Medici to be legitimate, whereupon the scarlet hat was formally presented to the late Medicean bastard, the future Pope Clement VII.

In spite however of the general dissatisfaction felt at the sudden rise to power of this unpopular Medicean bastard and at the long disastrous war of Urbino, it is doubtful whether this state of discontent would ever have broken out in open insurrection, but for the unbridled passions of the boy-cardinal of Siena, the dissolute Alfonso Petrucci, who had previously shown himself so warm an advocate of Leo's claims during the late conclave. At the time of his visit to Florence in the past winter, Leo had presumed to meddle in Sienese politics by abetting the removal of Alfonso's brother Borghese from the governorship of that city, and by helping to substitute for that young

tyrant the more respectable Raffaele Petrucci, a member of the same family, who was Castellan of Sant' Angelo. Alfonso, not without reason, now began to complain bitterly of the Pope's ingratitude in return for his past services, and his indignant threats of vengeance found a ready echo in the minds of several of his colleagues. The old Raffaele Riario, willing to wound in secret and yet afraid to strike openly, appears to have encouraged the silly youth, whose fury was likewise inflamed purposely by Soderini, Sauli and other malcontents in the Sacred College, including the Cardinal Adrian of Corneto, who is said to have desired his master's speedy death for no other reason than that a soothsayer had once declared to him that the next Pontiff was destined to be one Adrian, a person of mean birth but of great culture. Assuming this description of Leo's successor to apply to none other than himself, the Cardinal Adrian with incredible folly did not shrink from approving of Petrucci's violent suggestions, which included a plan for stabbing the Pontiff on some convenient occasion whilst out hunting.

Willing instruments of assassination at that time were never lacking for the accomplishment of any plot, no matter how diabolical or dangerous the execution, so that a certain medical charlatan from Vercelli, one Gian-Battista by name, on overhearing Petrucci's unguarded threats and complaints, at once made known his readiness to compass the Pope's death on consideration of a suitable recompense. The plan proposed by Gian-Battista and adopted apparently by Petrucci and his friends, was that the doctor should be introduced at the Vatican as a skilful physician, who was well qualified to alleviate the Pope's painful ailment, and that, having once gained Leo's confidence, he should then secretly murder his unsuspecting patient by means of poisoned bandages. A secretary of the Cardinal Petrucci and also a Sienese captain, bearing the suggestive nickname of Poco-in-testa, offered to participate in this horrible scheme, which might easily have been crowned with success, but for Leo's unexpected reluctance to admit another surgeon into the palace. Efforts were still being made to induce the Pope to accept the new physician's services, when the existence of the plot was suddenly revealed through the carelessness of a page, although Petrucci's own behaviour in withdrawing from Rome and opening negotiations with the Pope's enemy, the dispossessed Duke of Urbino, formed of itself a sufficient cause to excite the alarm of Leo, who, it must in fairness be admitted, had already warned the young cardinal of the peril of his treasonable conduct.

Furious at his discovery of Petrucci's abominable plot, yet with true Medicean craft keeping his information a profound secret, Leo now invited Petrucci with affectionate words to return to Rome and even allowed the Spanish ambassador to send the young cardinal a safe-conduct couched in the most explicit terms. And the Cardinal of Siena, who seems to have been as gullible by nature as he was violent, was apparently satisfied with the papal promises, for he now proceeded towards Rome, although the court was marvelling at his extreme rashness in venturing thither under such circumstances. On reaching the gates, Petrucci was joined by Sauli, and the two princes of the Church with a large train of servants made their way without a thought of treachery to the Vatican, where on their arrival a most dramatic and disgraceful scene took place. For scarcely had the two cardinals entered the courtyard of the palace than by order of the Pope they were arrested and seized in spite of their indignant protests, Sauli tearing his rochet to shreds in his impotent rage, whilst Petrucci set to cursing Leo at the top of his voice. From the Vatican the two unfortunate men were forcibly removed to the castle of Sant' Angelo, to be thrust "into the most horrible of its underground dungeons, full of a cruel stench." Nor would the hard-hearted Medici allow even a single

servant to attend to their wants, until the Sacred College in a body came humbly to entreat this favour on behalf of its imprisoned members. In vain did the Spanish envoy plead and reproach, quoting to the Pope the terms of the safe-conduct lately issued; Leo remained fixed in his resolve to make an example of these two conspirators against his authority.

Meanwhile the Pontiff, who without any reasonable shadow of doubt had really been terrified by his late discovery, ordered the gates of the Vatican to be kept closed and securely guarded against an attempt upon his person which he averred was imminent. Having called public attention to his alarm by such measures of precaution, Leo's next step was to order the seizure of the venerable Cardinal Riario, an incident which caused a profound impression in the city, where people were heard openly to exclaim that the House of Medici was at last about to wreak its long-delayed vengeance upon the old envoy of Sixtus IV., who nearly forty years before had been present at the conspiracy of the Pazzi in the Florentine Cathedral. So overcome with fear did this aged and luxurious prince of the Church show himself at the moment of his arrest, that being unable to move from sheer terror he had to be borne in a litter from the papal ante-chamber to a distant room in the Vatican, where although kept a close prisoner he was treated with more consideration than his luckless colleagues in the neighbouring fortress of Saint Angelo.

The consistory was now convoked in the utmost haste, and here Leo, trembling with an angry excitement, which some considered to be assumed rather than real, fiercely demanded of the cardinals present the names of all who were implicated in the recently unmasked plot. After a lengthy and most undignified altercation, which could be clearly overheard outside the apartment and became indeed in two hours' time the common talk of all Rome, the dozen members present, dreading the Pope's fury and quaking at the evil fate of Petrucci and Sauli, at last compelled Francesco Soderini and Adrian of Corneto to come forward and entreat for mercy upon their knees, albeit in all probability their crime consisted in little else than the uttering of coarse jests and the open expression of their private ill-will against Leo. The cardinals, now thoroughly cowed and crestfallen, gladly submitted to the immense fines, which were inflicted upon their companions kneeling in an agony of terror at the feet of the enraged Pontiff, who scarcely deigned to notice their presence or attitude. So high were the penalties fixed, that Soderini was shortly forced to retire from Rome, nor did he return thither during Leo's lifetime, whilst the Cardinal of Corneto at the first opportunity fled by stealth from the city, and having been hunted hither and thither by the papal minions was finally lost sight of and died in obscurity: truly a tragical ending to the prosperous career of that able but lowly born ecclesiastic, who for many years held the English sees of Bath and Wells.

With regard to Rairio, the Pope, somewhat to the surprise of those around him, showed a measure of his traditional clemency towards the old antagonist of his family, who had thus fallen helplessly into the toils. Riario was certainly mulcted in a huge ransom, but after an humiliating expression of repentance in public was eventually re-instated in his former dignities, although he prudently decided to spend the few remaining years of his long life at Naples.

As for the miserable Sauli and Petrucci, the former of whom is said to have shrieked at the very sight of the hack, both cardinals were before long induced to make full confession of their aims, and indeed it was the admissions they had disclosed under stress of the most exquisite torture that had formed the gist of the charges subsequently brought against Riario, Adrian and Soderini. Sauli, as a Genoese citizen and therefore claimed as a subject by the French King, was able to secure the good offices of Francis I., as well as

of the Pope's own brother-in-law Francesco Cybo, with the result that he was finally pardoned and released from his pestilential dungeon in Rome to be kept under strict surveillance at Mont Rotondo, where he expired after much suffering during the ensuing year, not without some suspicion of foul play. But Petrucci, that "Cupid of the Cardinals," the Medici's late playmate and favourite companion, seems to have possessed no friend powerful enough to intercede successfully on his behalf, and after some hesitation on Leo's part he was accordingly executed in his foul and gloomy cell by one Orlando, a Mohammedan hangman of the Roman court.

Common report averred that Petrucci was strangled on the night of 6th July, but others declared that he was beheaded with a kerchief tied over his eyes, cursing his perfidious master to the last and angrily refusing to make his confession or to receive the sacraments, telling the scandalised priest in attendance that "if he were doomed to lose his life, he cared nothing what became of his soul." The corpse of the late Cardinal of San Teodoro, only twenty-two years of age, was secretly interred after nightfall outside the walls of the city, and though the cruel fate of this comely youth, "who was surely born beneath some star of malign influence," may excite our compassion, it must be borne in mind that his cold-blooded execution, however harsh and ungenerous in Leo, succeeded in ridding the Sacred College of one of its most turbulent and disreputable members. But the horrible story of Petrucci's career and ending serves well also to illustrate for us the swift variations of Fortune in the days of the Italian Renaissance, when in the briefest space of time a powerful nobleman or Churchman could be suddenly and without warning dashed down from a pinnacle of wealth and power into an abyss of infamy, such as can scarcely be conceived in our own days. But if the punishment meted out to a cardinal of loose morals be accounted bloodthirsty, what can be said concerning the awful barbarities perpetrated upon the more humble accessories to the crime—Gian-Battista of Vercelli, Poco-in-testa and Petrucci's secretary—who after endless stretchings upon the rack were dragged on hurdles through the filthy streets of Rome, torn to pieces with red-hot pincers and finally gibbeted whilst still breathing on the parapet of the bridge of Sant' Angelo?

Some modern writers have essaped to prove that no definite conspiracy ever existed on this occasion, and that the actions of Petrucci and his associates were confined solely to vague threats against the life or authority of Leo. Nevertheless, all contemporary historians seem to have believed in the actual existence of a deep-laid plot of a terrible and even of an unparalleled nature against the person of the Pontiff, whom the conspirators were anxious to replace by a master more congenial to their tastes and private ambitions. How many of the cardinals were privy to Petrucci's "accursed madness" (*scelerato furore*), as Guicciardini styles it, it is impossible to conjecture, and of the five arrested it would be no easy task to apportion the exact amount of guilt appertaining to each, though it would seem as if Riario and Adrian sympathised with rather than abetted the scheme of assassination. That Leo was truly alarmed and horrified there is no reason to deny, and even if his conduct throughout be adjudged both harsh and treacherous, it is not unlikely that under the more severe Julius II., Sauli, Soderini, and perhaps Adrian would have shared the evil fate of the wretched ringleader, Petrucci. On the other hand, it is evident that the versatile Medici, perhaps at the advice of his cousin Giulio, contrived to turn to good account his late alarm at the discovery of the plot, which afforded him an excellent excuse for levying heavy fines wherewith to replenish the empty treasury out of the ill-gotten wealth of his greedy cardinals, with whose pecuniary losses nobody was likely to sympathise; and doubtless it was this reflection that induced Leo to extend an unexpected de-

gree of mercy to the unhappy Riario. Nevertheless, regarded from any and every point of view, the Conspiracy of the Cardinals forms one of the ugliest incidents in the whole course of the Italian Renaissance, leaving the most unpleasant impression of the appalling corruption of the Roman court and also of Leo's signal lack of that spirit of clemency and forgiveness which had once been reckoned his predominant virtue.

Having crushed the revolt in the Sacred College by these prompt and drastic measures, Leo proceeded to make a merciless use of his late victory in deciding to create forthwith a batch of thirty-one cardinals: an unprecedented stroke of policy against which the surviving members of the College were now powerless to protest. Not only was such a step an event of the highest political importance at the moment, but it may also be said to have destroyed for ever that supremacy which a handful of Italian cardinals, often consisting of the worst-principled members of the College, had usurped since the middle of the preceding century. For during the last four or five conclaves the election of a new Pope had rested practically in the hands of a small and by no means representative clique of Italian ecclesiastics, who had at least on one occasion openly offered the gravest dignity in all Christendom to the highest bidder."

The Kings of France and England, Francis I. and Henry VIII., were sufficiently fond of pomp, parade, vain pageants, and personal extravagance; but they were under the necessity of suiting their lavishness, in some degree, to the resources of their own realms. The emperor Charles, it is true, enjoyed ampler revenues, but his unavoidable expenses were far greater than those of his rivals. Over a wider territory, he maintained armies, and his complicated system of bribery, in Italy, England, and France must have cost enormous sums.

But the Pope, Leo X., received tribute from two worlds, and from all classes. The Irish peasant paid, and the peon of Mexico, also: the King of England paid, and the French King, also: the commonest Italian brothel paid, and the richest palace, also. There was no end to the sources of papal income, and nobody in Christendom was exempt. The virtuous paid, because of their piety; and the vicious, because of their crimes.

"Since God has given us the papacy, let us enjoy it," cried the portly, genial Leo; and he lived so fully, that he was dead at forty-four.

A court more splendid and epicurean than his, had not been seen in modern Europe. Not since the imperial voluptuaries who succeeded Tiberius, had Rome been so feasted and so debauched. Six hundred gentlemen in waiting attended upon the pontiff, while thousands of domestic servants, scullions, grooms, stable-drudges, cooks, keepers of hawks and hounds, and workers about the buildings and parks, were constantly employed.

A scholar, a libertine, a gambler, a passionate lover of sport, and possessed of a mania for building, for collecting manuscripts, and for recovering objects of art, Leo X. squandered immense sums in his ordinary routine of daily life, to say nothing of his theatrical entertainments, his Neronian banquets, and his enrichment of relatives.

Unpleasant sights he abhorred, as he did everything unpleasant; and he avoided a morose "religious," as eagerly as he welcomed a tipsy poet and a ribald buffoon. To have a good time; to eat, drink and be merry; to revel in wine, women, and song—was Leo's conception of happiness. Religion and duty, did not occupy his mind.

This Supreme Pontiff, Vicar of Christ, would don a gay hunting suit and boots, ride with a great and brilliant train to one of his game preserves, miles away from Rome; and the day would be devoted, by Pope, cardinals, gentlemen, and ladies, to hawking, ferreting, or the slaughter of deer, boars, wolves, and even goats. Leo, on his

white horse, followed the chase, more ardent in the joy of killing, than any young Knight in the field.

Quantities of doves and herons were kept in cages, in order that the Vicar of Christ should always have at hand a quarry for his hawks. He would spend hour after hour, in rapt enjoyment, as he watched, through his spy-glass, the dove or the heron, pursued by the falcon, mounting higher and higher in the heavens, frantically and vainly trying to escape from the relentless bird of prey, set free by the Vicar of Christ.

Whenever the day's hunt had yielded "good sport," Pope Leo would be put into his most amiable mood, and the courtiers were sure that almost any petition would be granted. But when it had not been "a glorious day," in the massacre of hares, boars, goats, deer, wolves, and birds, Pope Leo would be cross, unobliging, and sarcastically irresponsive to requests for favors.

The last entry in the private expense-account of this Supreme Pontiff, is 225 ducats, paid for falcons and hawks, purchased to hunt and kill doves and herons.

And the Holy Father was enjoying himself hugely in this noble pastime, on the afternoon of the day he died.

(Vaughan's "The Medici Popes," Chapter VIII.)

One can readily understand that a pious monk from Germany, or a really Christian priest from England, going on a devotional pilgrimage to Rome, would be shocked to his innermost core by the corruption and the irreligion that he witnessed in the home of his "Mother Church."

When Arnold of Brescia called upon Pope and priest to leave off their scandalous lives, they seized him and put him to death, with fiendish tortures.

When Savonarola cried aloud in Florence, calling upon Pope and cardinal to abandon their shameful debaucheries, their answer was, the fiery furnace and one more martyr reduced to ashes.

When Jerome and Huss took up the same cry, the Council which stripped the pontificate from John, who confessed his bestiality, burnt the two Bohemians who had denounced the beast.

When Luther went to Rome, and saw what Popery *was*, in actual practise at its home, he also, would have been silenced by death, had not the strong arm of the Saxon prince thrown around him its protection.

Miracles.

Ralph M. Thomson.

Who said the day for miracles had passed—
That, in this age of restlessness and woe,
Man can not count on some divine forecast,
As did the prophets of the long ago?

What sneering skeptic, or what infidel,
Could have presumed above this earth to soar,
And to declare the manna which once fell,
Like dew upon the grass, can fall no more?

Does God not live, and as in aeons blessed?
Have I not in your love a love to last,
Until Time shall have laid him down to rest?
Who said the day for miracles had passed?

Outline Sketch of Our Political History

ON the extreme South and North of the Atlantic Seaboard, two religions planted colonies, and strove to establish ecclesiastical government. In Florida and in Massachusetts, the church sought dominion. The Roman Catholics, at the Southern end of the coast, massacred Protestants who had come over from France; and the Puritans, at the Eastern end, made it a capital crime for a papist to settle in their midst. Strange to say, slavery entered the Atlantic colonies by way of these two intolerant theocracies. The Spanish Catholics, in Florida, bought negroes and enslaved Indians: the English Puritans, in Massachusetts, enslaved the Indians, and imported the indentured serf from the Mother Country.

Church government failed dismally, both in Florida and in New England. Popery paralyzed the progress of the Southern colony, and New England expanded by bursting through the grave-clothes of theocratic domination.

It was in Virginia, that Americanism was really planted; and it was from Virginia that it went forth to conquer. At Jamestown, was held (1619) the first representative assembly of white men that ever met on this Continent. In that assembly, were illustrated and proclaimed the fundamental principles of democratic government. Laws to be made by delegates chosen by the people; taxes to be laid by these delegates; trial by jury; a vote for each adult male citizen—these were the cardinal tenets of the Jamestown settlement. Even when Cromwell's ships came to the Old Dominion, to impose his authority upon the colonists, they stoutly and successfully asserted their right to Home Rule.

(See Cook's "Virginia" Commonwealth Series.)

In 1619, a Dutch vessel landed twenty negroes at Jamestown, and thus slavery entered Virginia, many years after the Roman Catholics had introduced it into Florida and the West Indies.

It seems incredible now, in this country, that the Puritan used the gibbet and the stake; while the Papist used the torture-chamber, the rope, and slow murder by starvation, but it is even so. Readers of history have often enough been reminded of the Salem witches who were hanged, on the absurdest evidence, amid the insanest hysteria; but it is not so generally known that arson of a dwelling, and murder by poison, were punished *by burning the criminal to death.* Two cases in which this terrible sentence was imposed and carried out, were those of the negro women (slaves) Maria (at Roxbury, Mass., 1681) and Phillis, at Charlestown, Mass., in 1755.

(Record compiled and published by A. C. Goodell, Jr., in 1883, the Publishers being J. Wilson and Son, Cambridge, University Press.)

Near St. Augustine, the Roman Catholics butchered unarmed Huguenots, hanged scores to the limbs of trees, and did others to death in the torture-room.

By contrast, the Episcopalians in Virginia avoided extreme measures; and the boldest Protestants suffered nothing worse than a brief imprisonment. Those who had this to endure were generally Baptists, who themselves had set the glorious example of Freedom of Worship in Rhode Island, when Roger Williams took refuge among savages to enjoy that which the Puritans denied him.

When Oliver Cromwell died, and the Catholic reaction restored the Stuarts to the English throne, King Charles II.

was represented in Virginia by Sir William Berkeley, a thorough-going royalist and churchman.

In making a report on the colony to his Catholic master, Sir William indulged himself in the following popish sentiment:

"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall have none these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments."

(Cooke's Virginia, p. 226.)

Up to that time, the best governments of continental Europe—excepting Holland, where the illustrious William the Silent had long ago established religious liberty—allowed no freedom of conscience, no freedom of the press, no freedom of speech, no freedom of worship, no trial by jury, and no representation of the people.

As to free and common schools, there never were any, except for youths intended for the priesthood, until they were originated by John Calvin. In the "Literary and Historical Miscellanies" of George Bancroft, the historian, we read:

"*Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools.*" (Page 406.)

Calvin died in 1564: Berkeley's report to Charles II. was made in 1670: a hundred years had passed since the Reformation established free schools, as the nurseries of intelligent patriotism; but no Roman Catholic country had yet tolerated popular education. There were teachers for young men who were set apart for the clerical life; and there was convent education for the daughters of the great; but the children of the common people had nowhere to learn; and even the son of the rich layman was under the necessity of attending some distant college, a very few being scattered over Europe.

As soon as Holland, after 80 years of war with Spain, had won her independence, she founded the Universities of Leyden, Franeker, Groningen, Utrecht, and Hardenyck.

A complete system of common schools was thrown open to the young. Free printing could be done in Holland, when it could not be done anywhere else. The Bible was translated into the Dutch language, so that the Dutch could read it, as early as 1477, before the Tyndale translation appeared in England.

(Tyndale's was the first *printed* Bible: Wycliffe's was in manuscript, accessible to few.)

At the time Sir William Berkeley thanked God for the absence of printing and free schools, it is certain that no Bible in English could have been found south of Jamestown, and it is not probable that the Book was common, anywhere in the New World.

Some say that the Baptists preached and practised liberty of worship so early as 1606: others place the date at 1639. At this time, the anti-papal feeling of the colonists was very bitter. They remembered how they had been persecuted in the old country. For 80 years, the Pope and the king of Spain had waged ruthless war upon the Reformers in the Netherlands: the Thirty Years' War had not been forgotten: the atrocities of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Bloody Queen Mary were fresh in men's minds. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was recent: the butcheries of the Waldenses were still in progress: fugitives from the Netherlands, from Germany, and from France had horrible tales to tell of the barbarous mistreatment of Protestants—men, women, and little children.

The Baptists had been hounded like wolves, and put to death with every possible torture. One example will illustrate all the others: a beautiful girl, 16 years old, was seized by the priests, at Saltzburg; and, when she stood firm for her faith, they condemned her to be burnt. One of the executioners took pity on her, and this soft-hearted Catholic showed mercy—*how?* By dragging her to the horse-trough, and holding her head under the water, until she was dead!

(See Cook's "Story of the Baptists." Page 61.)

Is it strange that our forefathers hated the very name of "Jesuit?" Is it to be wondered at, that they had no love for priests, and dreaded the coming of the blood-thirsty Church of Rome?

So late as 1730, no Jesuit dared to openly profess himself to be one; and priests were afraid to wear their detested garb on the streets. In private, they went through their paganistic ceremonial, but street parades and "Field Mass" would have provoked instant riots.

(Fisher's Colonial Times. Vol. II. p. 221.)

So much has been said about Maryland's charter, and the religious liberty established in the province by the Catholics, that a brief outline of the facts is warranted.

George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore was a Catholic, who, by keeping his religion a secret, not only escaped trouble during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but rose to high office in her administration. In 1614, he received a royal grant to a large province in Newfoundland and, not long afterwards, announced that he had become a Romanist. Before Parliament could oust him under new and more stringent laws against religionists *whose faith required their first allegiance to a foreign potentate*, he sold his office for £6,000, equivalent to about $30,000.

The Pope had "deposed" Elizabeth, (on paper) had attempted to have her assassinated, (by an English Catholic) had released her subjects from their allegiance, and some of these released Catholics attempted later to blow up the house of Parliament. Therefore sterner measures were adopted for the security of the realm. One of these required that all Catholics take an oath of allegiance to the English monarch, *disclaiming the Pope's pretended authority to depose Kings, release subjects, and to license them to rebel against or to assassinate a Protestant ruler.*

Lord Baltimore did not want to take this oath and, in fact, *never did take it.* To his dying day, therefore, he was unwilling to deny the power of the Pope to pull down and set up governments, instigate rebellions against Protestant monarchs, and to compass their death by assassination.

The Pope and the Jesuits had so recently caused the murder of William the Silent, and Henry IV., that no good Catholic could easily forswear himself on that pretty point of faith.

Not only did Lord Baltimore fail to take the oath of allegiance to the English King, himself, but he tried to slip his cargo of Catholics out of England, unsworn. Lord Coke, the Secretary of State, got word in time to order Baltimore's ships overhauled and brought back to harbor. The Jesuits and other Catholics fled to the Isle of Wight, to escape the oath, which was taken by the 128 emigrants who were Protestants. When Baltimore's ships were allowed to proceed, they covertly went by the Isle of Wight, picked up the non-sworn Catholics and sailed for the New World. (1633.)

The refusal of Baltimore and his Catholic colonists to forswear the Pope's asserted authority to dispose of crowns, kill kings and other rulers, and to change civil governments, throws a vivid light upon the hypocrisy of American priests of today, who are gulling and lulling the people by saying that Popes have *never* claimed such rights.

The truth is, that Pope Pius IX. reasserted that right in the syllabus of 1864, and it is *the law* of the Roman church, as it has been since the Dark Ages.

Lord Baltimore wanted to leave England, and take away as many Catholics as possible, for this reason: the country was getting too hot to hold them.

Puritanism had grown so strong, and resentment against recent Catholic atrocities was so intense, that no Romanist was safe, *unless he swore allegiance to the crown.*

This oath made him say that the Pope had no temporal power over the King, and none over the realm. Catho-

lics were not willing to swear that: they believed then—as they believe now—that the Italian Pope is supreme ruler of earth, temporal and spiritual. No matter how many lies the priests now tell and publish, *that* is the orthodox Roman Catholic belief.

Baltimore's charter provided for religious freedom? Oh, yes: *the Catholics needed it.* They were settling among heretical hornets, and they didn't want to get stung. Within a few decades after these Catholics who, needing toleration, *tolerated*, their brethren in Ireland, not needing toleration, planned a general massacre of all Protestants, slaughtered thousands, and came near to success in their hellish design to extirpate heresy—as per the oath of every cardinal, every bishop, and every priest.

When religious freedom was established in Maryland, by American law, *the Protestants did it;* and, at that time, the Catholics were only one-fourth of the population.

There was a brief period when William Clayborne outlawed the Jesuits, banished them, and made it hot for Catholics, generally; but he had been the victim of persecution, his property at Kent Island had been confiscated, and Lord Baltimore had waged war upon him. Clayborne's measures against the Catholics were *retaliatory*: he did not even massacre the Jesuits who had stirred up the strife.

(A full and fair account of all this appears in Sydney George Fisher's classic work "Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Times." Lippincott & Co. Pub.)

The historian says:

"Calvert dared not act otherwise than very liberally toward Protestants. The slightest attempt to make Catholicism exclusive, or the slightest infringement of Protestant privileges, *would have lost him his province.* He could build up his province *only* by avoiding all offence to Protestants both in England and in his Colony. The stock-story of the punishment of a Catholic for offensive speech to a Protestant, shows the constant danger he was in; for the Protestants in that instance *threatened at once to appeal to Virginia*, and nothing would have pleased the Virginians more, than to have received such an appeal, which they could have made use of with much effect."

(See Fisher, Vol. II. page 166.)

During the era in which the Catholics were tolerant in Maryland, they were not only murderously intolerant in Florida, Mexico, Cuba, Central America, and South America, but in Germany the religious strife started by the Jesuits was raging; the frightful massacre of Protestants at Madgeburg had given its diabolical tone to the Thirty Years' War; Cardinal Richelieu was bloodily repressing the Huguenots, and thousands were flying for their lives from France; the next reign was to see the Jesuits instigate, through King Louis' bigoted mistress, (or wife) the forcible conversion of the remaining Protestants by military brutalities; and at the time when our forefathers were going into the Revolutionary War, the galleys of Catholic France were manned by Protestant slaves, whose sufferings on those floating hells make the blood run cold, as you read of it.

Any word of Papal protest against all this? Quite the contrary. The Popes frantically urged it on, gloated over it, exulted in it, praised it, rewarded it. In the Pope's own dungeons, at Rome, hideous crimes were being committed by Papal instruments—crimes which left their horrible evidences in those underground infernos where so many Masons, Jews, and heretics were done to death.

Whether our forefathers did not make a fatal mistake in ever allowing Papal Monarchy to gain a foothold in the colonies, is a question which grows upon us, as we realize the "irrepressible conflict" impending between Romanism and Americanism.

In 1643 the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven formed a confederacy, under the name of "The United Colonies of New Eng-

land." Each colony acted as the equal of every other, and each acted independently of Great Britain in creating this League. The purpose of the union was, self-protection from the Dutch of New York.

In time of war, there was to be a Congress composed of two representatives from each colony. A majority of three-fourths in this Congress was authorized to bind the Confederacy, in all matters of peace and war, and all matters of common concern. This League lasted until 1686, when the bigoted Roman Catholic, James II, vacated the charters of the New England colonies.

In 1754, a general convention was held at Albany, consisting of delegates from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. This assemblage proposed a Union of all the American colonies, for the purpose of security in peace and war. A plan of federal government was outlined, in which there was to be a Congress and a President.

The colonists were not ready for this advanced step, and the plan was rejected. Doctor Franklin declared, in 1760, that "a union of the colonies against the mother country was absolutely impossible."

(Kent's Commentaries, Vol. I, par. 205.)

Five years later, (1765) nine of the colonies were represented in the Congress which met in New York. A bill of rights was adopted, and a declaration made that the colonial assemblies, alone, had the power to tax the colonies.

In 1774 another association was formed, and this laid the foundations for a federal government. By this time, the rising tide of feeling against the mother country had become irresistible.

In 1775, the original Thirteen Colonies united, to obtain redress of American grievances, and a system of independent government was established.

On July 4, 1776, the Congress at Philadelphia voted to declare the colonies *separate, sovereign States;* and when the Revolutionary War ended, Great Britain named those thirteen colonies, *separately*, as independent, sovereign states.

In Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's "Formation of the Union," he quotes and sanctions the following sentences from President Lincoln's message of July 4, 1861:

"The Union gave each of them (the States) whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact, it created them as States."

Mr. Lincoln was a lawyer, and he was gifted with a pretty talent for making statements that were merely plausible; and Professor Hart has a national reputation for seeing things as he would like for them to be. A moment's examination of Mr. Lincoln's statement will detect its fallacy. To a *Union* of either Colonies or States, a separate previous existence of either Colonies or States was necessary. There could not be a Union, without constituent parts. The parts had to exist, *before* they could unite and form the Union.

To say that the Union created the States, is equivalent to saying that a group of children created their parents.

I have already quoted Chancellor Kent, who defined the nature of the first union of independent New England Colonies. Did that League create the colonies which formed it?

The second, and the third Confederation has been described: did those combinations create the colonies which entered into the combine?

The third league won Independence for the colonies which formed it, *after* a Congress of these members of the confederation had declared that each member of it was, and should be, a separate independent State.

Where, then, did any league, combination, federation, or Union of colonies, or States, create States?

No such thing happened. The people formed Colonies and States; and the Colonies formed Leagues and Unions.

On March 4th, 1789, the present Constitution, which had been adopted by a convention and ratified by the requisite number of States, went into operation.

In the famous Webster-Hayne debate, Mr. Webster based his argument, against State sovereignty, upon the words, "We the people," as they appear in the preamble to the Constitution of 1787.

This shows how a trivial detail may affect the course of history. Mr. Webster could not then be aware of the fact that the original wording had been, "We the people of the States of Massachusetts, Virginia, Georgia," etc.

It was suggested that the Convention could not *anticipate* which of the States would ratify the new Constitution; and, therefore, the Committee on Text omitted the enumeration of the States.

The literal truth is, that the Constitution was never even voted on by "the people of the United States." It was voted on by each State, acting separately, in conventions and legislatures.

In his debate with Mr. Calhoun, January, 1833, Mr. Webster objected to Calhoun's use of the word "accede" (to the Union) because the converse of *accession* is *secession*.

But the word, *accede*, is used by The Fathers, themselves. James Wilson, Elbridge Gerry, Edmund Randolph, James Madison, Gouverneur Morris, and Benjamin Franklin spoke and wrote of the States which would "accede," and constantly employed the word *accession*.

Franklin wrote to Washington that "the *accession* of the twelfth State is soon expected."

Washington wrote, "if these, with the States to the eastward and northward of us, should *accede* to the Federal Government" (See Writings of Washington, Vol. IX. p. 280.)

Yet, Mr. Webster boldly accused Calhoun of using "unconstitutional language", and Calhoun had not studied the record sufficiently to annihilate his opponent *by quoting the men who made the Constitution.*

things in the annals of controversy. Webster was too lazy to make careful research, and Calhoun relied so implicitly upon logic that he neglected the facts. Therefore, in his great speeches, Webster was allowed to practically amend the Constitution, and change the nature of the Government, because Hayne and Calhoun were not diligent enough to read Washington's correspondence, the Madison papers, Franklin's works, Elliott's Debates, and the Life and Writings of Morris.

Mr. Webster emphasized the alleged fact—then recently published in Story's *Commentaries*—that the first Resolution offered in the Convention of 1787, declared that "*a national* government *ought to be* established, consisting of" etc.

If Webster knew that the Resolution was amended, so as to read "the government of *the United States* ought to consist, etc."—he did not let anyone else know it; and Mr. Calhoun could not have been aware of the vital change in the Resolution, else he would have pulverized his antagonist, on that point.

(The Madison Papers page 908, give the facts, See Elliot's Debates, also.)

Mr. Webster made another statement, equally conclusive, if true, and equally false, in fact. He said that *The Federalist*, the Convention debaters, and all the publications of friends and foes, *proved that the federation of States had been changed to a national Government.*

Gouverneur Morris, one of the Hamilton, strong-government advocates, wrote:

"The Constitution was a *Compact*, * * * between the United States, *each enjoying sovereign power*, and equal rights."

(Life and Writings of Morris, Vol. III. p. 193.)

What else *could* be the meaning of the term, *United States*, if it is not a union of States—States voluntarily *united.*

The wording of the Constitution itself recognizes plurality and separate sovereign existence.

James Madison, the Father of the Constitution, repeatedly uses the words "pact," and "compact between the States" and "compact to which the States are parties."

He did this in the Convention debates in Virginia, the Virginia Resolutions of 1798-9, and in his Report of 1800.

He reiterated it, in his celebrated letter to Edward Everett, in 1830.

Alexander Hamilton expressed the same view, in *The Federalist* when he wrote that, if the new Constitution should be adopted, "the Union would still be, in fact and theory, *an association of States*, or *A CONFEDERACY*."

(See *Federalist*, No. IX.)

Again and again, Hamilton returns to the subject, in *The Federalist*, and he declares (in No. XX) that the States are distinct and independent sovereigns, "so regarded by the Constitution proposed."

Says Hamilton, "Each State ratifying the Constitution, is considered as a *sovereign body*, and only to be bound by its voluntary act." (No. XXXIX.)

In another place he speaks of "the thirteen *Independent States*, *THE PARTIES TO THE COMPACT*."

But Daniel Webster audaciously declared, in the Senate, that *The Federalist*, the Fathers, the friends and the foes of the new Constitution, *had never used such language;* and John C. Calhoun let him "get away with it", triumphantly, when a few hours of research through the shelves of the Library would have enabled him to grind to powder the foundations of the Websterian argument.

It can scarcely be thought that neither Webster nor Calhoun had read *The Federalist*, but if both had, both had forgotten, or one was a liar and the other didn't remember enough to expose him.

Upon my word, it almost resembles the old bet about the Lord's Prayer, supposedly won and actually paid, upon a recital of "Now I lay me down to sleep."

It may be stated as a broad proposition (excluding local, temporary and special issues) that there have never been but two Schools of Political thought in this Country, since the present Constitution was adopted.

In one of these, it was taught that the General Government could only exercise powers expressly granted to it; that the individual citizen should have the freest possible scope, without needless hindrance or direction by the Law; that rigid economy should be the rule in public expenditures; that equal and exact justice should be accorded to all, and special privileges to none; that the Currency of the Nation should be in the control of the People, and not of a special moneyed class of National Banks, or of any other Corporation; that monopolies should be forbidden; that both Gold and Silver should be coined, upon equal terms; that commerce should be free, should not be built up at the expense of Agriculture; and that a large Standing Army and Navy were dangerous to our liberties.

These are the fundamental principles of the Party founded by Thomas Jefferson.

In the other school, it was taught that we needed a strong centralized Government; a strong National Banking System to interest the rich men in National affairs; a Bonded System perpetually Funding and Refunding the National Debt, to the great advantage of the Capitalists; Protection of Manufactures at the expense of Agriculture; a Currency System in the control of the Banks; Internal Improvements upon a large scale, and a strong military establishment. In other words, it was sought to create a moneyed aristocracy, supporter by special privilege and a large military establishment.

Alexander Hamilton was the founder of the School. He made no secret of the fact that he favored a Monarchy, and wished our system to be as nearly like the English, as possible. He wanted the President to hold office during life or good behavior; he wanted the Senate constituted the same way;

he wanted the State Governors to be appointed by the Federal Government; he wanted the Militia of each State under the control of the Federal Government, and the Laws of the State subject to Federal veto.

In a letter to Albert Gallatin, dated December 13, 1803, Mr. Jefferson says:

"This Institution (National Banking System) is one of the most deadly hostility existing against the principles and form of our Constitution."

He then proceeds to give the reasons at length.

In two letters to John W. Eppes in 1913, he renews the fight—opposing the Re-chartering of the Bank.

Of course it will be remembered that when Hamilton first proposed the National Bank, during Washington's Administration, Jefferson opposed it in a masterly paper.

Andrew Jackson was, after Jefferson, the most prominent foe to the System. The Old Hero fought it, with fierce determination. He removed the Government's deposits, vetoed the Act Re-chartering it, and made the issue that the Bank must be destroyed. A hot political battle followed.

Hon. Wm. L. Wilson (Democrat) says in his Book on "The National Democratic Party:"

"The Bank subsidized newspapers, scattered documents, and used its power and influence wherever possible, but nothing could withstand the popularity of Jackson."

He was elected, and the National Banking System had to go out of existence—for awhile.

From the rise of the Democratic Party down to 1860, it always followed in Jefferson's footsteps on the currency question, and one of its permanent Platform Planks was this:

"The Congress has no power to charter a National Bank; that we believe such an Institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the Country, dangerous to our Republic and Institutions, and *the liberties of the people*, and calculated *to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power and above the laws and the will of the people.*"

It is not necessary to offer proof that the free coinage of both Gold and Silver was a Jeffersonian principle. It was considered so manifestly just in those early days, that Hamilton did not oppose it. All parties agreed upon Bi-metalism in its true sense of perfect equality in the coinage of both Gold and Silver, upon a ratio of 15 to 1.

It is only of late years that the Money Power has grown insolent enough and shameless enough to demand that all the financial power shall be given to one of the metals. And it is only of recent years that the Law-making Power, composed of both Democrats and Republicans, has grown servile enough to register the commands of the Millionaire Bankers.

It was a part of Hamilton's System of Favoritism, Special Privilege and Class Rule, to levy a tax upon the laborers for the benefit of that class of capitalists engaged in manufactures.

Jefferson opposed this System. He believed that free commerce is a natural right, and that the taxing of one industry to build up another is wrong. Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, in his work already quoted, alludes to the "Protective Tariff" as one of Hamilton's schemes which Jefferson opposed. The great commoner said that manufactures, like agriculture and commerce, would thrive best when left *free to individual enterprise.*

Mr. Wilson states that the election of Jackson over Adams in 1828, was a triumph over the Protective Policy. The following clauses formerly occupied prominent places in the National Democratic Platforms:

"That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another."

In the Platform of 1848, the Country is congratulated upon the "noble impulse given to Free Trade by the Repeal of the Tariff of 1842." In the Democratic Platform of 1856, the Free Trade Principle is set forth in a separate resolution. This was re-affirmed in the Platform of 1860.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRINGTON AND RAYMOND.

Ned Harrington did not open his letter. Perhaps he divined what it contained.

"Does your letter tell you why she left home?" he asked in a hard voice.

"Yes—no."

Harrington waited, while after a moment's hesitation Raymond went on:

"It is only a few words. She says: 'Father, forgive me. I cannot go to Germany to school as you ask me. I am a child of the Church, and I must obey her commands. I am going away because it is my only chance of happiness. Do not try to find me; that will be impossible. Do not grieve for me; I shall be perfectly happy and safe. Good-bye for ever.'"

"That all?"

"That is all."

"'A child of the Church,'" said Harrington, questioningly.

"Yes, I ought to have told you. She was received into the Roman Church at Bruges. I did not tell you because it made me so angry; besides, I hoped she would forget all about it, and treat it as so much foolishness."

"That was a pity. She did not tell me either."

"No; she was told to keep the fact a secret. I believe she was glad to do this, and I thought she desired to blot the whole business out of her life. But what does she say to you?"

Harrington opened the letter. His hands were very steady, although his face was pale to the lips.

"Dear Mr. Harrington (the letter ran),—I have discovered that it would be wrong for me to ever see you, or communicate with you again. I am therefore going where you can never see me. Forgive me if I cause you pain in doing this; but there is no other course open to me. I wish you nothing but good.—Yours sincerely,

"JOYCE RAYMOND."

He read the letter aloud, his voice never quivering once.

"Joyce never wrote that letter," he said quietly.

"It is her handwriting."

"Of course. But she never wrote it."

"Nor mine," said Walter Raymond presently.

"No, nor yours," said Harrington.

They were standing beneath a lamp in the great station, oblivious to all that was around them. One by one the cabs had left

their stand at the arrival platform, and only a solitary porter watched them from a respectful distance.

"Cab, sir?" said a cabby, who had been watching them for some time, and evidently regarding them as his fare.

"No, thank you."

The cabman drove away sulkily.

"What are you going to do?" said Raymond presently.

"I will leave my luggage at the hotel," said Ned Harrington.

He called a porter, and then the two followed the man, who took his bags away to the hotel.

"Want rooms, sir?" asked the man in charge there.

"No; I only want to leave my bags here till the morning. I will send a man for them. There is my card."

"All right, sir." Ned Harrington had stayed at the hotel and the man knew him again.

The two men walked away towards Chelsea. Neither spoke. Both realised that it was no time for much talking just then, and both knew that when the time for action came each could depend on the other. Raymond had had the facts before him for some hours, but to Harrington they were new, and he knew his friend well enough to be sure that he wanted to think quietly a few minutes.

There are few places on earth so lonely as London as half-past three in the morning. The occasional stray traveller who may be seen in the streets only adds to the lonliness. The morning was dawning, chill and drear, although spring was upon them; the young leaves shivered in the cold wind. Steadily they walked, side by side, their very footfall echoing in the silent streets, and each knew that the other was thinking of Joyce, for each knew that the other loved her. Ned Harrington needed no words to tell him that his friend's heart was bleeding; but he had also no need to be told that he was planning in his own quiet way how to find his child, and bring her back to home and happiness. As for Walter Raymond, he trusted Harrington completely. A man as true as the sun, loyal and strong; a man, moreover, who would give the wealth of his heart and brain to bring back the helpless girl who had left her home.

"Of course, it is the priests," said Raymond presently.

"Of course."

"That fellow Brandon."

"No."

"You think not?"

"I am sure. This business shows a master-mind. Brandon has neither the courage nor the brains to arrange this. What we see on the surface is not half. When we have probed the thing to the bottom, we shall find that great stakes are being played for. Joyce is only the instrument used to carry out a big scheme."

"You have formed your conclusions as to where she is taken?"

"Only in part."

"But we must find out."

"Of course."

Again they strode on quietly.

They had entered Hyde Park, and were walking in the direction of the Albert Memorial. They left the Serpentine on their left, scarcely noticing the shadows which the trees cast upon the water.

Now and then Harrington stopped and glanced at the trees in Kensington Gardens, as though he were noting their beauty; but he spoke no word. Silently the two strode on, until they saw the gilt on the monument erected in memory of the husband of one of England's greatest queens.

"It is cold."

"Very cold. There's frost in this air."

"Yes, there must be."

Of course, they were not thinking of the weather. The words were only the mechanical utterances of two men who were face to face with a great difficulty.

Presently they reached Harrington's chambers. The young barrister let himself in noiselessly, and with steady fingers lit the gas.

"I will get some breakfast, Raymond," he said. "We are both cold and hungry. I know where the eatables are."

A few minutes later the fire was burning in the room, while a kettle was steaming over a spirit lamp. On the table a breakfast of tempting eatables was placed.

They ate in silence, and when they had finished, both drew their chairs to the fire.

Harrington passed his friend a box of cigars.

"No; a pipe, thank you."

"Yes; a man can think better over a pipe.'

"The facts," continued Harrington presently, "are plain. Let us review them. A little more than a year ago, you came across an advertisement of one of those cheap convent schools in Belgium. They are placed in all the Catholic papers; they also exist elsewhere. They are intended as a bait to Protestants who have no strong religious convictions, and who may not be able to afford to send their children to good English schools. They offer a liberal education for minimum fees. You caught at the bait."

"You know why, Ned."

"Yes, I know why. You did what was intended. It is one of the means Romanists use to get converts to their faith. They succeeded. A priest came to your house; he impressed you with his pleasantness, his frankness, his *bonhomie*. Joyce was sent to this school, and the priest continued to visit your house. Your wife became a Catholic. Immediately afterwards came trouble. Your household was divided. The old trust was gone."

"Yes; God knows that's true."

"Then your children became baptised."

"Not with my consent."

"No, but they were. Joyce remained at the school; she was there a year. So far, it is the old story. It's been repeated a hundred times in a hundred different families. Your wife received me coldly. That is natural. I am an avowed Protestant. I know what priestcraft means. Still you and I remain friends. By-and-by Joyce comes home. You know what happens."

Ned Harrington became silent a few minutes; his face was very pale, and he looked steadily into the fire.

"Apparently no hindrance was put in the way of our meeting," went on Harrington presently, "and we learned to love each other. Then, with your consent, but against your wife's will, we became

engaged. By the way, Raymond, have you heard anything about the ring I gave her? Has she left it in the house?"

"No; I have seen nothing of it."

A look of satisfaction came into Ned Harrington's eyes.

"For a time we were perfectly happy," went on the young man in steady tones; "but when she knew I had to go to Plymouth she became afraid."

"Yes; she seemed to dread something—to fear some calamity. She was afraid of those priests. I did not realize it; I did not know she had been received into the Roman Communion. If I had known, I should have understood. I should have known she feared to go to confession.

"When I was gone they got hold of her, they frightened her. They forbade her to go to you, they forbade her to correspond with me. I have written to her each day, but I have only received one letter from her. She wrote me on the day after I left. Never since. Evidently they have frightened her into leaving home. They have persuaded her that it is her duty to go away from you and from me. They have dissuaded her against going to that school in Germany."

"Yes."

"All that is plain. Now, then, there are two questions which face us. First, where is she gone? What is her hiding-place? Of course, you asked your wife?"

"She says she is utterly ignorant. She appears in great grief."

"I see; that was just what I expected."

"Yes, she vowed and protested that she had no knowledge of where she is gone. She says she knows nothing. That is our great work—to find out where she is gone."

"It is our work, yes; but that is not all. The question behind is more important still."

"And that?"

"What is their reason for this?"

"They wish to retain her in the faith. Their first work was, as they would put it, to save her soul. Now they wish to save her from losing it," and Walter Raymond laughed bitterly.

"No, no; that is not enough," said Harrington; "that is not enough. I know a good deal of Brandon, and I tell you it is not enough."

"But what can there be besides? I am still a poor man. It is true things have been better with me lately, but I am still one of the thousands of comparatively unknown London lawyers. I live in a small house in the neighborhood of Battersea Park, and that is all."

Ned Harrington did not reply; instead, he sat smoking quietly for some time. Presently he aroused himself, and said:

"Walter, you began to tell me about a man who paid you a call at your office one day, but you never completed the story. I have forgotten now what hindered you."

Walter Raymond described the incident perfectly. Evidently the man must have impressed him greatly, for nothing seemed to have escaped his memory.

"Have you ever conjectured who this man might be?" asked Harrington.

"Yes; but I have had no data upon which to go."

"Did he not give his name?"

"Yes; it was Anthony Ritzoom."

Harrington started.

"Ah!" he said.

"Do you know it?"

"Know it?" said Harrington, in meaning tones.

The young barrister got up and walked around the room.

"It is no use crying over spilt milk, but I wish you had told me of this before."

"But why?"

"Ritzoom is the cleverest man in the Order of Jesuits; he deals with their most delicate matters. He is not known to the world. He is not renowned as a preacher or anything of that sort. He is simply a wire-puller—a diplomatist. He works in quietness and in secrecy. A man who stops at nothing. In one sense he is the most conscientious man alive; in another, he is without conscience. He is before all things a Jesuit. To serve his Order he will do all, suffer all. That is where he is conscientious. But let any man oppose him, or his Order, then he is without conscience. He is faithful to the old Jesuit axiom that the end justifies the means."

"He is a priest, then?"

"Yes; a priest who appears in a score of unpriestly disguises. That is to say, you may find him in a yachting suit one day, in riding breeches another, in flannels another. A man who absorbs information, but never imparts any; one who knows everything, without being known to any but those who are acquainted with the inner circles of Jesuitism."

"That explains," said Walter Raymond.

"Explains what?"

"Why, on the day when I went to meet Joyce at Dover I passed by the Lord Warden Hotel, and I saw two priests coming out. The one was Brandon; the other I did not know, and yet his face was familiar to me. I knew I had seen it before, but I could not tell where. It was familiar to me, and yet it was strange. Now I know who it was. It was that man Anthony Ritzoom. I should not have remembered it, I expect, but it was an uncommon name, and belonged to an uncommon man. I wish I had told you at the time, but, as you know, every lawyer has a number of queer clients who come to him of whom he thinks it best to say nothing."

"Yes, yes; I understand. Oh, but I wish I had known. I should have been on my guard. And yet one never knows. Anyhow, I know who's at the bottom of things now."

"Does that fact help you."

"In a sense, yes; but in another, no. It is always well to know the man against whom you have to fight; but in another way, it's terrible news. That man has never been outwitted half a dozen times in his life. He will never confess himself beaten while there's a shadow of a chance left; he's as silent as death, and as secret as the grave. I tell you, Raymond, there's a big thing on hand, depend upon it. Whenever Ritzoom takes a thing up, you may depend on it there's a great deal at stake."

"How did you come to know so much about him?"

"My brother Cecil is a Jesuit."

"He told you?"

"What I have told you I gathered through conversations with him. As I have told you before, a Jesuit communicates nothing directly. You have to find out."

"And have you any idea as to what lies behind?"

"I dare not say; I must think."

"One is so handicapped," said Raymond presently; "one cannot place such a matter in the hands of the police."

"No."

"Nor use a private detective."

"No; at least I am not acquainted with a private detective who would be of any service."

"Meanwhile——"

"Ah, yes, meanwhile," said Harrington bitterly.

"You think no harm will happen to her?"

"No," said Harrington, "I do not believe harm will happen to her—at present. Everything will depend."

"On what?"

"On the course which events take."

"Ned, you have something in your mind which you are afraid to reveal to me."

"Harrington was silent for a few seconds.

"Yes, I have, my friend; I have. I am afraid to admit it to myself; I am afraid to think of it as a possibility; that is why I am afraid to mention it to you. No, and I'll not even entertain the thought seriously until I'm perfectly certain."

Again the two men lapsed into silence. They were neither of them hysterical; neither of them, indeed, showed much outward grief; but neither of them felt the less because of the lack of outward manifestation. Either of them was prepared to sacrifice anything in order to bring back Joyce, for both loved her as only strong men can love; but they knew that nothing was gained by unpremeditated action. Neither did one ask what the other was going to do. Each knew when the time came that confidence would not be wanting. Rather, they seemed to be nerving themselves for a great task, preparing themselves for a great battle.

The thought that Joyce had gone away willingly did not cross their minds. Both had looked too deeply into her heart for that. This healthy, happy child, who loved the air and the sunshine, who loved her father with a child's affection, and who loved the man to whom she had plighted her troth in a way which no woman can love but once, would never have left them save under circumstances which meant that some kind of force had been brought to bear. And it was not force of body that they feared; it was another force, more subtle and more dangerous.

Moreover, neither doubted but that the priests were at the bottom of the trouble. Ever since they had entered Raymond's house a dark shadow had fallen upon his life. His family had been alienated from him. His wife was no longer a wife; his children had been led to look upon him as a kind of pariah, one who was an enemy to their soul's salvation. They seemed to think it their duty to deceive him, to treat him as a stranger. Only Joyce had continued to love him with her old love, and she had been taken away from him.

"It's no use going home and asking further questions," said Raymond.

"Not a bit."

"These men will have weighed my wife in the balances."

"Yes."

"Of course, the children will know nothing."

"Nothing. Still, we must pay attention to that quarter, but it will come to nothing."

"And I say, Ned, the world must not hear of this."

"No."

"They must not know that she was inveigled into becoming a Romanist, or that she has gone away."

"True."

And here these two men made their first great mistake. It was a natural one, for neither father nor lover desired their affairs to be talked about. Both of them naturally shrunk from newspaper controversy and irresponsible gossip. It was something that they must lock up in their own hearts.

"If the world thinks she's gone to Germany to a Moravian school I shall do nothing to undeceive the world," said Raymond.

"No," replied Harrington quietly; "and we may be sure that the priests will say nothing. But what about your other children, Raymond?"

"They were out visiting some friends yesterday afternoon," replied Walter; "they did not get back till late, and nothing was said to them."

"Your wife knows something, Walter. I was mistaken. She may not know much, but she knows something."

"Why?"

"Was it only a coincidence, or was it planned that they should go away yesterday? Yes, she will know something, but only as much as we are sure of. What's the time?"

It's nearly eight o'clock."

Harrington rose to his feet again.

"Let us walk to your house, Walter," he said.

Walter Raymond asked no question as to why Harrington had come to this sudden determination. Perhaps, although he was not a brilliant man, he read what was in the other's mind.

As they came through Battersea Park they heard the sound of voices, and both men hastily turned into a side walk.

"It was jolly funny Joyce going away without seeing Ned, wasn't it?" they heard Walter say.

"Oh, I expect he'll meet her somewhere on the way; dad will have told him," replied Rachel.

"Still, it was funny."

That was all they heard, but they saw Raymond's three children in holiday attire, accompanied by the children of the Diltons, and a rather austere looking lady. Evidently they were going away for the day.

Raymond and Harrington looked at each other, but neither spoke. They were only a few minutes' walk from Raymond's house, and they walked on as though nothing had happened.

"I wonder if Lucy will be down yet," said Raymond.

"Oh, yes, she'll be down right enough," replied Harrington.

Raymond let himself in quietly, and led the way into the little dining-room. Mrs. Raymond was quietly eating her breakfast alone.

"Oh, Walter," she said, "have you heard anything about Joyce?"

"No, not yet," replied Raymond quietly.

"The children think she's gone to Germany to school," she said almost hysterically. "I thought it best to say nothing."

"Yes, I know."

"How do you know?"

"That does not matter. Lucy, I had no chance of saying much to you last night; besides, my mind was too unsettled to think very clearly. Now, however, we must have a clear understanding."

She became very pale, but a sullen, determined expression came into her eyes.

"What understanding?" she asked.

"I must know all you know concerning Joyce's disappearance."

She opened her lips to speak, but as she saw Ned Harrington's keen, searching eyes upon her, she closed her lips without speaking a word.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FATHER AND THE PRIEST.

Walter Raymond waited a minute, and then went on quietly.

"We know what influences have been at work. We know that Joyce would never have left without terrible pressure having been brought to bear upon her. A week ago she and Ned were a pair of happy lovers; a week ago the thought of going away never came into her mind. While he has been away I also have been very busy, and have spent very little time at home. Last night you told me you had no idea where she was."

"I told you the truth," she said stubbornly; "I did not know; I do not know; I have not a shadow of an idea where she has gone.'

"But you knew she was going."

It was Harrington who spoke, and both saw that his words were true. She flushed painfully, and then became pale. But she evidently felt she had her part to play.

"I refuse to speak to you about the matter, Mr. Harrington," she said. "I refuse to recognise your right to interfere. I never gave my consent to your visiting here, still less did I consent to your becoming engaged to Joyce."

"You will have to speak to him if this affair figures in a court of law," said Raymond. "But that is not the point just now. Harrington spoke the truth. You knew she was going away."

At this Mrs. Raymond was silent.

"It grieves me to take this course, Lucy," said Walter Raymond. "I remember, of course, the attitude you have adopted towards me since you have been under the dominion of the priests. Nevertheless, I am sorry, for the sake of the happy years we once spent

together. We were poor then—much poorer than we are now; but we were all in all to each other, Lucy, you, and I, and the children. However, you have elected to treat me—well, as you have treated me, and we will let that pass. But I am not going to allow my Joyce to pass out of my life. You knew she was going away. How long have you known?"

"I refuse to tell you."

"The priests forbade you?"

She sat with tightly compressed lips.

"How often has Brandon been here since I forbade him to come?"

Still no answer.

"When was Father Ritzoom here last?"

She gave a quick, frightened start. Whether he had been to the house or not, both men knew that she had seen him, and that she was afraid of him.

"You were asked to encourage her to leave home—you, her mother; you, who should protect her."

The words stung her.

"I would rather see her dead than to go to that Protestant school in Germany, and—and lose her soul," she snapped. "I would rather see her in her coffin than be the wife of—of—him," looking towards Harrington.

She said the last words through her set teeth.

A woman can always be made to divulge a secret more quickly than a man, because she has less control over her prejudices and her hatreds. The woman hated Harrington, and in her spite she admitted what otherwise she would have kept secret. They knew all she could tell them now. There was no need for her to admit in so many words that the priests had persuaded or commanded her to help them to do that which she believed would save her daughter's soul.

"There is another thing, Lucy," went on Walter Raymond quietly; but before he could say another word she rose and walked towards the door.

"I will not stay with you, and I will not say another word," she cried passionately. "You are both of you enemies of God and of religion. I am glad she is out of the reach of your influence, and even if I knew where she was I would never let you know, for she is safe from those who would destroy her soul."

Ned Harrington looked towards his friend sympathetically. It grieved him to see the strained relations between husband and wife; all the more because he knew the history of their alienation. The priest had entered the home, and in the name of religion he had set wife against husband, children against their father. The story was no new one. It had happened again and again all over the land. Moreover, as Ned Harrington saw the drawn, haggard face, and the quivering lips of his friend, a great anger came into his heart.

"The priests' hand is very plainly to be seen, Walter," he said quietly.

Walter Raymond made some very strong remarks on the ancestry of these gentlemen.

"Still, the conversation has cleared the ground, Walter," he said. "We are now sure of two or three things. That man Ritzoom is in

it, and your wife has also been a party to the business. Of course, it was their policy not to let her know where she has gone; nevertheless, she was their tool."

"Yes, she was their tool."

Upstairs, Mrs. Raymond was sobbing. Both men heard her, but Walter Raymond did not go to her. Time was when he would have rushed to her side when he saw her in sorrow; but that time was gone. Slowly she was crushing all feeling of love in her husband's heart. For her he had sacrificed home and wealth; for her he had toiled and suffered, and he had been glad to do it. She had never been a companion to him in the full sense of the word, but that he had not considered. He had sacrificed everything for her, and had rejoiced in the sacrifice. But now their interests and hopes were divided; all confidence was gone, all comradeship was gone. Love was fast dying, and all this had come to pass in the name of religion.

"One thing still baffles me," said Walter Raymond. "I cannot understand why these fellows allowed Joyce to become engaged to you. I wonder why they did not forbid her speaking to you."

"That is plain to me," said Harrington. "They knew that by allowing her to go, what they would term, deeper and deeper into sin, the stronger would be their hold upon her. To them I am a sort of anti-Christ, only fit for kindling wood for the nether regions. They would, therefore, make her feel that there could be no greater danger—indeed, no greater crime—than to become engaged to me. The fact of her love for me would be used as their strongest argument to persuade her to leave home. You see, from their standpoint, Joyce has two great enemies—you and me. You would take her to a heretic school, and thus endanger her soul, while I should marry her on her return from school, which to them would be a greater crime still. They would tell her, therefore, that it was her duty to oppose us both, and that her only chance to obtain forgiveness for past sins, and to obtain security for the future, would be to place herself under their care, and thus escape from us both."

"Yes, I expect you are right."

"I am pretty sure I am. I have talked with my brother Cecil, and I know several of these fellows. But that does not get to the bottom of it."

"No?"

"No; fanatical though they may be, they would not place themselves in such a position to save a soul. Ritzoom is mixed up with the business, and he is not the man to mix himself up with anything unless great stakes are being played for."

"But what can they be?"

"As I told you, I am afraid to entertain my own suspicions. Walter, I must leave you now."

"Yes," said Raymond, "I can see that. We must have an interview with Ritzoom. You are going to find out where he is?"

Harrington looked towards Raymond with admiration. He had done his friend an injustice; he was a cleverer man than he thought.

"Exactly," he said quietly. "As for you, I presume you will go to your office as usual."

"Yes," said Raymond. "It is no use going to Brandon. He is but the tool of the other man."

"That is all. Moreover, I doubt whether even he has any

knowledge of Ritzoom's plans. Of course, he will know something of what appears on the surface, but of those things which lie at the back of Ritzoom's brains he will know nothing."

"What time shall I see you this evening?"

"I will call at your office about five o'clock and report progress."

"He will be in London, I think."

"Yes, he will be in London. It will be impolitic for him to leave just now."

The two men separated, Walter Raymond after making some inquiries near his house to go to his office in London, Harrington to carry out the plans which had been born in his mind.

Thus it came about that Joyce Raymond's strange departure was unknown to all save those most deeply interested. Mrs. Raymond made believe that she had gone to Germany to a Protestant school; the children echoed those beliefs. The priests said nothing; neither did Walter Raymond nor Harrington. Thus there were no paragraphs in the papers about a "missing young lady." The reporters for the Press who are always so eager for such news, knew nothing. There was nothing of note in the fact that a young English girl had gone to a Protestant school in Germany, and so no one gossiped about it. Nevertheless, there was a paragraph in one of the Protestant papers which neither Harrington nor Raymond saw. It was to the effect that, although great pressure had been brought to bear on Miss Joyce Raymond, who had for a year been to a convent school in Belgium, to join the Romanist Church, that young lady, true to the Protestant traditions of her name, had refused to yield to the demands of that Church and had elected to go to a Moravian school in Germany.

The Protestant paper in question was an insignificant production, and was read by but few save those persons to whom its owner sent it. No other newspaper copied from it, and its statements carried no great weight. One of the readers of this paper, however, was old Mr. Walter Raymond, the grandfather of Joyce. Moreover, the paragraph was blue pencilled, so that he could not fail to see it.

Old Walter Raymond read the paragraph several times with a pleased look on his face.

"Splendid," he said again and again. "I suppose the minx of a mother and the other children are out-and-out Papists; but Joyce has elected to stand by the truth. I wonder what my wife would have said if she had been alive to see this?"

And then he heaved a deep sigh, for Walter Raymond was a lonely man, and longed for someone to cheer him in his old age.

"I'll wait till she's finished her schooling days," he said presently, "and then I'll approach Walter, and perhaps—perhaps—who knows? —I may be reconciled to my boy before I die, and have Joyce to come and live with me. But I'll never leave Walter a penny, no, not a penny. I vowed I never would, and I will not."

On the evening of the day when Walter Raymond had met Harrington at Paddington Station, the former sat in his office alone. The clerks had gone, and business had ceased for the day, but Walter Raymond remained.

He looked at his watch somewhat impatiently. It was after six o'clock.

"I expect Ned has had a harder job than he imagined," he said

to himself. "If Ritzoom is the man he says he is, his movements will be secret, and therefore he will find it difficult to lay hands on him. But it will be all right, Ned will do it."

Walter Raymond had worked all through the day in a mechanical sort of way. He had been able to give but half his attention to his business, for all the time his mind had been full of Joyce. He did not fear that harm had befallen her in the ordinary way; nevertheless his heart was heavy with a great terror. Should he ever see his child again? He knew it was no use taking the ordinary means of finding her. The priests would see to it that she left secretly. They would have, if needs be, a hundred disguises whereby her identity could be hidden. Besides, she had left home several hours before he knew of her departure. In that time she could have gone hundreds of miles. Who would notice, among the tens of thousands of travellers who leave the great London termini every day, a girl like Joyce? It is true he had made certain investigations that morning after Harrington had left him, but they had ended in nothing. No, if she were to be found, it must be by the means which his friend had adopted, and he longed with a great longing to meet the man Ritzoom again.

At length he heard a quick, decided footstep on the stairs, and a few seconds later Harrington entered. The young barrister was very pale, and his face was drawn and haggard; evidently the trouble which weighed upon his life was telling on him. He was very calm and quiet, however, and his features were set and stern.

"Are you ready, Raymond?" he asked quietly.

"Quite."

"I have a cab at the door. We can talk on our journey."

"Are we going far?"

"No; only to the Cosmopolitan Hotel."

"He is there, is he?"

"Yes."

The two men got into the cab, which rolled westward.

"Did you have any difficulty in finding where he was?"

"Yes; he has kept his movements secret. Still, I have found him. He leaves Charing Cross by the nine o'clock train for Ostend tonight."

Raymond did not ask by what means Harrington had discovered this; there was no purpose to be served in knownig.

"He does himself very well," said Harrington presently. "He has a suite of rooms at the Cosmopolitan. Really, for a Jesuit who has taken the vow of poverty, he does everything handsomely."

"As I remember him, he is not a man who fasts overmuch," replied Raymond.

"Dispensations are wonderful arrangements," replied Harrington. "They save a lot of trouble."

"You have, of course, arranged your mode of entrance?"

"I have arranged everything satisfactorily, I think. I should not be surprised if our presence startles him."

"I shall leave most of the talking to you."

"You must judge for yourself. You are Joyce's father, but of course the visit may end in nothing. But it is a necessary preliminary step."

The cab drew up before the hotel, and a few seconds later a waiter led the way along a thickly carpeted corridor.

"Yes."

This was in answer to a knock at the door of a room at the end of the corridor. The waiter opened the door, and said, "Two gentlemen to see you, sir." With this he departed quickly, as though glad to get away. Walter Raymond and Ned Harrington were looking steadily towards Father Ritzoom, who sat in an easy chair, smoking a cigar.

For a moment he looked somewhat disconcerted, while an angry flush swept over his face; but only for a moment. He rose with a bland smile.

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure of your visit, gentlemen?" he asked.

Ritzoom was clothed in strictly clerical attire. At that moment he looked like some well-to-do rector of a rich country parish. The smile did not leave his face, as he waited for their reply, neither did he betray even by a movement of an eyelid the fact that he suspected who they were. His surprise and annoyance were only momentary, and his command over himself was remarkable. Nevertheless, he seemed to measure both of them at a glance, and the pupils of his eyes seemed to contract as he noted the quiet, yet determined, demeanour of the two men. He knew he had no blustering, excitable clowns to deal with, but men who were keen, and watchful, and wary. He wondered whether Walter Raymond remembered him or no, and he called to mind the quiet persistence of the lawyer on the only other occasion on which they had met.

"I am given to understand that you have a great deal of influence at a convent called 'The Sacred Heart,'" said Harrington, blandly.

"It is possible," said Ritzoom quietly. "At least, I had some years ago. I have ceased during the last few years to take a direct interest in it. But excuse me, gentlemen, it is difficult to converse when one has not the advantage of knowing names."

"Yes," replied Harrington. "As a general statement, I think it is fairly correct. But I was under the impression that it might not apply in the present instance."

"But why?" asked Ritzoom, still with the same bland smile.

"I am supposed to have a very strong likeness to my brother Cecil," said Harrington quietly. "Besides I have not changed in appearance since he pointed me out to you. As for my friend here, I am given to understand that you visited him as a would-be client some time ago. And you have the reputation of possessing a specially good memory for faces."

It was an open declaration of war, but Ritzoom did not seem to notice it.

"You see, you came in so suddenly," he said with a laugh; "so suddenly that one might have supposed you had an understanding with the waiter."

"I had."

Still Ritzoom kept on smiling, although a strange gleam shot from his deep, unfathomable eyes.

"There was no need, I assure you, gentlemen. I am always easily to be found by my friends. I am always ready to be consulted on such matters as fall within my domain."

"Ah, then we have done right in coming to see you. We wish to consult you on a matter which certainly falls within your domain. My friend here wishes to ask you a question."

"Any question I am able to answer shall be answered willingly," said Ritzoom.

"I wish to know, then, what you have done with my daughter, Joyce," said Walter Raymond.

"I presume this is a bit of pleasantry," said the priest, still smiling.

"Anything but that. I am in deadly earnest."

By this time the Jesuit had not only measured his men, but he had weighed the circumstances. He was a man who came to conclusions quickly, and he was seldom wrong. He saw the haggard, anxious face of Walter Raymond, saw the despairing yet determined look in his eyes, he noted the quiet strength and the self-suppression in every movement of his body, in every sound of his voice. But if he had had only Walter Raymond to deal with he would not have been afraid. It is true the lawyer was intelligent, dogged, persistent; but he did not possess a mind of the first order. It was true, too, that he was the father of the girl who was lost to him; but Ritzoom had dealt with such before. He felt that his great battle would be with Harrington. He had heard of him as a deadly cross-questioner, a brilliant advocate, and as a man who riddled every case he took in hand. He did not like his cool daring; he came very near to fearing the man, who was the lover of a girl he had lost, and yet who could wear an easy smile and a perfectly calm demeanour.

"I think I grasp the situation, although your information has been anything but copious or minute," he said. "I take it that this gentleman's daughter—Joyce, did you call her?—has left home, and that he has some idea that I am cognizant of her whereabouts. It that a correct statement of the case?"

"Yes," said Walter Raymond.

Ritzoom still continued to smile, but otherwise not a muscle of his face moved. He kept his eyes upon Walter Raymond, as though he were the principal party concerned.

"I quite understand, Mr. Raymond," he went on. "It is true that as a priest I am debarred from the privilege of having children of my own. At the same time, I think I understand a father's feelings. Of course, it is naturally a mystery why you should come to me, but all the same I shall be glad to help you if it is in my power."

"Then you will kindly tell me where my daughter is," said Walter Raymond.

The priest spread out his hands like one in dismay.

"Really, Mr. Raymond, I must ask for some information before I can render any assistance. This gentleman asked just now for information concerning the Home of the Sacred Heart. Am I to understand that your daughter has been there, and has, unknown to you, left it? If so, any service I can render in tracing her shall be at your service. As I told you, however, my connection with that institution has largely ceased, and therefore I cannot do much."

Walter Raymond noted the smile on the Jesuit's face, and his heart burnt with anger.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to give me the information I seek?" he asked, quietly.

"On the other hand, have I not just placed my poor services at your disposal?"

"I wish to ask a plain question," said Walter Raymond. "Do you, or do you not, know where my daughter is?"

"Does not your question take a great deal for granted, sir?" said Ritzoom. "Does it not take for granted that you have a right to ask me, an entire stranger, a question which any man in my position would refuse to answer? Does it not also assume that I am in some way connected with your daughter's—what shall we call it—absence? Really—well, I am led to suppose that a change has come over the—what shall we call it?—the formalities of English courts of justice."

He still spoke in a suave, bland manner, his lips parted by a smile, his voice quiet and calm. Nevertheless, Harrington saw a cold, cruel gleam in his eyes, which did not accord with his manner of speech.

So far he had the best of the conversation, and Raymond was angry with himself for not having kept to his determination and allowed Harrington to do the talking, and yet, as he felt afterwards, it seemed that Ritzoom had compelled him to speak, in spite of himself.

Nevertheless, the next words were spoken by Ned Harrington.

(*To be continued.*)

A Day at St. Helena

From the Log-Book of My Homeward Voyage

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

(Written in 1854)

THE three passengers on board of the clipper-snip Sea-Serpent, bound from Whampoa to New York, were greatly delighted to learn from Capt. Howland, on the day when they crossed the tropic of Capricorn, that the water was getting short, and he had therefore decided to touch at St. Helena for a fresh supply. We had already been more than sixty days on board, and the sea, with all its wonderful fascination, was growing monotonous. Here was an event which, in addition to its positive interest, would give us at least five days of anticipation and a week of active remembrance, virtually shortening our voyage to that extent; for at sea we measure time less by the calendar than by our individual sense of its duration. I have spent several months on shipboard, when, according to the almanac, barely a fortnight had elapsed.

The trade-wind bore us slowly northward, and when I went on deck at sunrise, four days afterward, St. Helena was in sight, about twenty-five miles distant. It was a dark-blue mass, filling about twenty degrees of the horizon, and of nearly uniform elevation above the sea, but gradually resolved itself into sharper and more broken outlines as we approached. Except upon a lofty terrace on the southern side, where there was a tinge of green and some traces of fields, the coast presented a frightfully rocky and inhospitable appearance. Nevertheless it displayed some grand effects of coloring. The walls of naked rock, several hundred feet high, which rose boldly from the sea, in some places overhanging their base, were tinted as by

"the deep-blue gloom
Of thunder shower,"

the hollow chasms between them being filled with gorgeous masses of purple-black shadow, under the sultry clouds which hung over the island. At the south-eastern extremity were two pointed, isolated rocks, probably a hundred feet high. We stood around the opposite extremity of the island, making for the port of Jamestown, which faces the north-west. The coast on this side rises into two bold heads, one of which projects outward like a gigantic capston, while the other runs slantingly up to a pointed top, which is crowned with a signal station. The rock has a dark bluish-slate color, with streaks of a warm reddish-brown, and the strata, burst apart in the centre, yet slanting upward toward each other like the sides of a volcano, tell of upheaval by some tremendous subterranean agency. The structure of the island is purely volcanic, and, except the rock of Aden, on the coast of Arabia, I never saw a more forbidding spot.

The breeze increased as we drew near the island, but when we ran under the lee of the great cliffs, fell away almost entirely, so that we drifted lazily along within half a mile of them. At length a battery hove in sight, quarried in the face of the precipice, and anchored vessels, one by one, came out behind the point. We stood off a little, urged along by occasional blows of wind, and in a short time the shallow bight which forms the roadstead of St. Helena lay before us. There was another battery near at hand, at the foot of a deep, barren glen, called Rupert's Valley, from which a road, notched in the rock, leads around the intervening cliffs to the gorge, at the bottom of which Jamestown is built. A sea-wall across the mouth of this gorge, a row of

ragged trees, weather-beaten by the gales of the Atlantic, and the spire of a church, were all that appeared of the town. The walls of the fort crowned the lofty cliff above, and high behind them towered the signal station, on the top of a conical peak, the loftiest in the island. The stone ladder which leads from the tower to the fort was marked on the face of the cliff like a white ribbon unrolled from its top. Inland, a summit covered with dark pine-trees, from the midst of which glimmered the white front of a country mansion, rose above the naked heights of the shore. This was the only gleam of fertility which enlivened the terrible sterility of the view.

Further in-shore a few gun-boats and water-boats lay at anchor, and some fishing-skiffs were pulling about. As we forged slowly along to a good anchoring ground, the American consul came off, followed by a boarding-officer, and we at once received permission to go ashore and make the most of our short stay. The consul's boat speedily conveyed us to the landing-place, at the eastern extremity of the town. Every thing had a dreary and deserted air. There were half-a-dozen men and boys, with Portuguese features and uncertain complexions, about the steps, a red-coated soldier at a sentry-box, and two or three lonely-looking individuals under the weather-beaten trees. Passing a row of mean houses built against the overhanging rock, a draw-bridge over a narrow moat admitted us within the walls. A second wall and gate, a short distance further, ushered us into the public square of Jamestown. Even at its outlet, the valley is not more than a hundred and fifty yards wide, and the little town is crowded, or rather jammed, deep in its bottom, between nearly perpendicular cliffs, seven or eight hundred feet in height. At the top of the square is the church, a plain yellowish structure, with a tall, square, pointed spire, and beyond it Market street, the main thoroughfare of the little place, opens up the valley.

A carriage—almost the only one in Jamestown—was procured for Mrs. H——; my fellow-passenger, P——, provided himself with a saddle-horse, and we set out for Longwood. We had a mounted Portuguese postillion and rattled up the steep and stony main street in a style which drew upon us the eyes of all Jamestown. The road soon left the town, ascending the right side of the ravine by a very long and steep grade. Behind the town are the barracks of the soldiery and their parade-ground—all on a cramped and contracted scale; then some dreary burial-grounds, the graves in which resembled heaps of cinders; then a few private mansions, and green garden-patches, winding upward for a mile or more. The depth and narrowness of the gorge completely shut out the air; the heat was radiated powerfully from its walls of black volcanic rock, and the bristling cacti and yuccas by the roadside, with full-crowned cocoa palms below, gave it a fiery, savage, tropical character. The peak of the signal-station loomed high above us from the opposite side, and now the head of the ravine—a precipice several hundred feet high, over which fell a silver thread of water—came into sight. This water supplies the town and shipping, beside fertilizing the gardens in the bed of the ravine. It is clear as crystal, and of the sweetest and freshest quality. Looking backward, we saw the spire of the little church at the bottom projected against the blue plain of ocean, the pigmy hulls of the vessels in the roads, and a great tringular slice of sea, which grew wider and longer as we ascended, until the horizon was full fifty miles distant.

Near the top of the ravine there is a natural terrace about a quarter of a mile in length, lying opposite to the cascade. It contains a few small fields, divided by scrubby hedges, and, near the further end, two pleasant dwelling-houses, surrounded by a garden in which I saw some fine orange-trees. This is "The Briars," memerable from having been Napoleon's first residence on the island. The Balcombe family occupied the larger of the two dwell-

ings, which is flanked by tall Italian cypresses, while the other building, which was then a summer pavilion, but was afterward enlarged to accommodate the Emperor and his suite, received him on the very night of his landing from the Bellerophon. It stands on a little knoll, overlooking a deep glen, which debouches into the main valley just below. The place is cheerful though solitary; it has a sheltered sunny aspect, compared with the bleak heights of Longwood, and I do not wonder that the great exile left it with regret. Miss Balcombe's account of Napoleon's sojourn at "The Briars" is among the most striking reminiscences of his life on the island.

Just above the terrace the road turned, and, after a shorter ascent, gained the crest of the ridge, where the grade became easier, and the cool south-east trade-wind, blowing over the height, refreshed us after the breathless heat of the ravine. The road was bordered with pine-trees, and patches of soft green turf took the place of the volcanic dust and cinders. The flower-stems of the aloe-plants, ten feet in height, had already begun to wither, but the purple buds of the cactus were opening, and thick clusters of a watery, succulent plant were starred with white, pink, and golden blossoms. We had now attained the central upland of the island, which slopes downward in all directions to the summit of the sea-wall of cliffs. On emerging again from the wood, a landscape of a very different character met our view. Over a deep valley, the sides of which were alternately green with turf and golden with patches of blossoming broom, we looked upon a ridge of tableland three or four miles long, near the extremity of which, surrounded by a few straggling trees, we saw the houses of Longwood. In order to reach them, it was necessary to pass around the head of the intervening valley. In this direction the landscape was green and fresh, dotted with groves of pine and white country houses. Flocks of sheep grazed on the turfy hill-sides, and a few cows and horses ruminated among the clumps of broom. Down in the bottom of the valley, I noticed a small inclosure, planted with Italian cypresses, and with a square white object in the centre. It did not need the postillion's words to assure me that I looked upon the Grave of Napoleon.

Looking eastward toward the sea, the hills became bare and red, gashed with chasms and falling off in tremendous precipices, the height of which we could only guess from the dim blue of the great sphere of sea, whose far-off horizon was drawn above their summits, so that we seemed to stand in the centre of a vast concavity. In color, form, and magnificent desolation, these hills called to my mind the mountain region surrounding the Dead Sea. Clouds rested upon the high, pine-wooded summits to the west of us, and the broad, sloping valley, on the other side of the ridge of Longwood, was as green as a dell of Switzerland. The view of those fresh pasture-slopes, with their flocks of sheep, their groves and cottages, was all the more delightful from its being wholly unexpected. Where the ridge joins the hills, and one can look into both valleys at the same time, there is a small tavern, with the familiar English sign of the "Crown and Rose." Our road now led eastward along the top of the ridge, over a waste tract covered with clumps of broom, for another mile and a half, when we reached the gate of the Longwood Farm. A broad avenue of trees, which all lean inland from the stress of the trade-wind, conducts to the group of buildings, on a bleak spot, overlooking the sea, and exposed to the full force of the wind. Our wheels rolled over a thick, green turf, the freshness of which showed how unfrequent must be the visits of strangers.

On reaching the gate a small and very dirty boy, with a milk-and-molasses complexion, brought out to us a notice pasted on a board, intimating that those who wished to see the residence of the Emperor Napoleon must pay two shillings a-piece, *in advance;* children half-price. A neat little Englishwoman, of that uncertain age

which made me hesitate to ask her whether she had ever seen the Emperor, was in attendance, to receive the fees and act as cicerone. We alighted at a small green verandah, facing a wooden wing which projects from the eastern front of the building. The first room we entered was whitewashed, and covered all over with the names of visitors, in charcoal, pencil, and red chalk. The greater part of them were French. "This," said the little woman, "was the Emperor's billiard-room, built after he came to live at Longwood. The walls have three or four times been covered with names, and white-washed over." A door at the further end admitted us into the drawing-room, in which Napoleon died. The ceiling was broken away, and dust and cobwebs covered the bare rafters. The floor was half-decayed, almost invisible through the dirt which covered it, and the plastering, falling off, disclosed in many places the rough stone walls. A winnowing-mill and two or three other farming utensils stood in the corners. The window looked into a barn-fard filled with mud and dung. Stretched on a sofa, with his head beside this window, the great conqueror, the "modern Sesostric," breathed his last, amid the delirium of fancied battle and the howlings of a storm which shook the island. The corner-stone of the jamb, nearest which his head lay, has been quarried out of the wall, and taken to France.

Beyond this was the dining-room, now a dark, dirty barn-floor, filled to the rafters with straw and refuse timbers. We passed out into a cattle-yard, and entered the Emperor's bed-room. A horse and three cows were comfortably stalled therein, and the floor of mud and loose stones was covered with dung and litter. "Here," said the guide, pointing to an unusually filthy stall in one corner, "was the Emperor's bath-room. Mr. Solomon (a Jew in Jamestown) has the marble bathing-tub he used. Yonder was his dressing-room"—a big brinded calf was munching some grass in the very spot—"and here" (pointing to an old cow in the nearest corner) "his attendant slept. So miserable, so mournfully wretched was the condition of the place, that I regretted not having been content with an outside view of Longwood. On the other side of the cattle-yard stand the houses which were inhabited by Count Montholon, Las Casas, and Dr. O'Meara; but at present they are shabby, tumbled-down sheds, whose stone walls alone have preserved their existence to this day. On the side facing the sea, there are a few pine-trees, under which is a small crescent-shaped fish-pond, dry and nearly filled with earth and weeds. Here the Emperor used to sit and feed his tame fish. The sky, over-cast with clouds, and the cold wind which blew steadily from the sea, added to the desolation of the place.

Passing through the garden, which is neglected, like the house, and running to waste, we walked to the new building erected by the Government for Napoleon's use, but which he never inhabited. It is a large quadrangle, one story high, plain but commodious, and with some elegance in its arrangement. It has been once or twice occupied as a residence, but is now decaying from very neglect. Standing under the brow of the hill, it is sheltered from the wind, and much more cheerful in every respect than the old mansion. We were conducted through the empty chambers, intended for billiard, dining, drawing, and bed-rooms. In the bath-room, where yet stands the wooden case which inclosed the marble tub, a flock of geese were luxuriating. The curtains which hung at the windows were dropping to pieces from rot, and in many of the rooms the plastering was cracked and mildewed by the leakage of rains through the roof. Near the building is a neat cottage, in which General Bertrand and his family formerly resided. It is now occupied by the gentleman who leases the farm of Longwood from the Government. The farm is the largest on the island, containing one thousand acres, and is rented at £315 a year. The uplands

around the house are devoted to the raising of oats and barley, but grazing is the principal source of profit.

I plucked some branches of geranium and fragrant heliotrope from the garden, and we set out on our return. I prevailed upon Mr. P—— to take my place in the carriage, and give me his horse as far as the "Crown and Rose," thereby securing an inspiring gallop of nearly two miles. Two Englishmen, of the lower order, had charge of the tavern, and while I was taking a glass of ale, one of them touched his hat very respectfully, and said: "Axin' your pardon, Sir, are you from the States?" I answered in the affirmative. "There!" said he, turning to the other and clapping his hands, "I knew it; I've won the bet." "What were your reasons for thinking me an American?" I asked. "Why," said he, "the gentlemen from the States are always *so mild!* I knowed you was one before you got off the horse."

We sent the carriage on by the road, to await us on the other side of the glen, and proceeded on foot to the Grave. The path led downward through a garden filled with roses and heliotropes. The peach-trees were in blossom, and the tropical *loquat*, which I had seen growing in India and China, hung full ripe yellow fruit. As we approached the little inclosure at the bottom of the glen, I, who was in advance, was hailed by a voice crying out, "This way, Sir, this way!" and, looking down, saw at the gate a diminutive, wrinkled, old, grizzly-headed, semi-negro, semi-Portuguese woman, whom I at once recognized as the *custodienne* of the tomb, from descriptions which the officers of the Mississippi had given me. "Ah! there you are!" said I; "I knew it must be you." "Why, Captain!" she exclaimed; "is that you? How you been this long while? I didn't know you was a-comin', or I would ha' put on a better dress, for, you see, I was a-washin' today. Dickery!"—addressing a great, fat, white youth of twenty-two or twenty-three, with a particularly stupid and vacant face—"run up to the garden and git two or three of the finest *bokys* as ever you can, for the Captain and the ladies!"

At the gate of the inclosure hung a placard, calling upon all visitors to pay, in advance, the sum of one shilling and sixpence each, before approaching the tomb. This touching testimony of respect having been complied with, we were allowed to draw near to the empty vault, which, for twenty years, enshrined the corpse of Napoleon. It is merely an oblong shaft of masonry, about twelve feet deep, and with a rude roof thrown over the mouth, to prevent it being filled by the rains. A little railing surrounds it, and the space between is planted with geraniums and scarlet salvias. Two willows—one of which has been so stripped by travellers that nothing but the trunk is left—shade the spot, and half-a-dozen monumental cypresses lift their tall obelisks around. A flight of steps leads to the bottom of the vault, where the bed of masonry which inclosed the coffin still remains.

And there was the old woman, who, having seen me read the notice, immediately commenced her admirable and interesting story in this wise: "Six years he lived upon the island. He came here in 1815, and he died in 1821. Six years he lived upon the island. He was buried with his head to the east. This is the east. His feet was to the west. This is the west. Where you see that brown dirt, there was his head. He wanted to be buried beside his wife, Josephine; but, as that couldn't be done, he was put here. They put him here because he used to come down here with a silver mug in his pocket, and take a drink out of that spring. That's the reason he was buried here. There was a guard of a sargeant and six men up there on the hill, all the time he was down here a-drinkin' out of the spring with his silver mug. This was the way he walked." Here the old woman folded her arms, tossed back her grizzly head, and strode to and fro with so ludicrous an attempt at dignity, that, in spite of myself, I was forced into laughter. "Did you ever

see him?" I asked. "Yes, Captain," said she; "I seed him a many a time, and I always said, 'Good mornin', Sir,' but he never had no conversation with me." A draught of the cool and delicious lymph of Napoleon's Spring completed the farce. I broke a sprig from one of the cypresses, wrote my name in the visitor's book, took the "boky" of gillyflowers and marigolds, which Dickey had collected, and slowly remounted the opposite side of the glen. My thoughts involuntarily turned from the desecrated grave to that fitting sepulchre where he now rests, under the banners of a hundred victorious battle-fields, and guarded by the time-worn remnant of his faithful Old Guard. Let Longwood be levelled to the earth, and the empty grave be filled up and turfed over! Better that these memorials of England's treachery should be seen no more!

We hastened back to Jamestown, as it was near sunset. The long shadows already filled the ravine, and the miniature gardens and streets below were more animated than during the still heat of the afternoon. Capt. Howland was waiting for us, as the ship was ready to sail. Before it was quite dark, we had weighed anchor, and were slowly drifting away from the desolate crags of the island. The next morning, we saw again the old unbroken ring of the sea.

John Wesley on Romanism

THE following appeared in The Public Advertiser, of London, in 1780, and the letter will be read with special interest:

Sir: Some time ago a pamphlet was sent to me, entitled, "An Appeal from the Protestant Association to the People of Great Britain." A day or two since a kind of answer to this was put into my hand, which pronounces "its style contemptible, its reasoning futile, and its object malicious." On the contrary, I think the style of it clear, easy and natural; the reasoning in general, strong and conclusive; the object or design kind and benevolent.

And in pursuance of this kind and benevolent design—namely, to preserve our happy Constitution—I shall endeavor to confirm the substance of that tract by a few plain arguments. With persecution I have nothing to do. I persecute no man for his religious principles. Let there be as "boundless a freedom in religion" as any man can conceive. But this does not touch the point. I will set religion, true or false, utterly out of the question. Suppose the Bible, if you please, to be a fable, and the Koran to be the Word of God. I consider not whether the Romish religion be true or false; I build nothing on one or the other supposition.

Therefore, away with all commonplace declamation about intolerance and persecution for religion! Suppose every word of Pope Pius's creed to be true; suppose the Council of Trent to have been infallible; yet I insist that no government not Roman Catholic ought to tolerate men of the Catholic persuasion. I prove this by a plain argument (let him answer who can). That no Roman Catholic does or can give security for his allegiance or peaceable behavior. I prove thus: It is a Roman Catholic maxim, established, not by private men, but by a

public Council, that "No faith is to be kept with heretics." This has been openly avowed by the Council of Constance, but it never was openly disclaimed. Whether private persons avow or disavow it, it is a fixed maxim of the Church of Rome. But, as long as it is so, it is plain that the members of that church can give no reasonable security to any government for their allegiance or peaceable behavior.

Therefore, they ought not to be tolerated by any government—Protestant, Mohammedan, or Pagan. You may say, "Nay, but they will take an oath of allegiance." True, five hundred oaths; but the maxim, "No faith is to be kept with heretics," sweeps them all away as a spider's web. So that still no governors that are not Roman Catholics can have any security of their allegiance.

Again, those who acknowledge the spiritual power of the Pope can give no security for their allegiance to any government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this; therefore they can give no security for their allegiance. The power of granting pardon for all sins, past, present and to come, is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his spiritual power. But those who acknowledge him to have this spiritual power can give no security for their allegiance, since they believe the Pope can pardon rebellious high treason, and all other sins whatsoever. The power of dispensing with any promise, oath or vow, is another branch of the spiritual power of the Pope. And all who acknowledge his spiritual power must acknowledge this. But whoever acknowledges the dispensing power of the Pope can give no security for allegiance to any government. Oaths and promises are none; they are light as air; a dispensation makes them all null and void. Nay, not only the Pope, but even a priest, can forgive sins! This is an essential doctrine of the Church of Rome. But they that acknowledge this, cannot possibly give any security for their allegiance to any government. Oaths are no security at all; for the priest can pardon both perjury and high treason.

Setting, then, religion aside, it is plain that upon principles of reason, no government ought to tolerate men who cannot give any security to that government for their allegiance and peaceable behaviour. But this no Romanist can do, not only while he holds that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," but so long as he acknowledges either priestly absolution, or the spiritual power of the Pope. "But the late Act," you say, "does not either tolerate or encourage Roman Catholics." I appeal to matter of fact. Do not the Romanists themselves understand it as a toleration? You know they do. And does it not already (let alone what it may do by and by) encourage them to preach openly, to build chapels (at Bath and elsewhere), to raise seminaries, and to make numerous converts day by day to their intolerant, persecuting principles? I can point out, if need be, several of the persons. And they are increasing daily. "But nothing dangerous to English liberty is to be apprehended from them." I am not certain of that.

Some time ago a Romish priest came to one I knew, and, after talking with her largely, broke out, "You are no heretic, you have the experience of a real Christian." "And would you," she asked, "burn me alive?" He said, "God forbid! unless it were for the good of the church." Now, what security could she have had for her life, if it had depended on that man? The good of the church would have burst all ties of truth, justice and mercy; especially when seconded by the absolution of a priest, or (if need were) a papal pardon.

If anyone please to answer this, and set his name, I shall probably reply. But the productions of anonymous writers I do not promise to take notice of.

I am, Sir, your humble servant.

JOHN WESLEY.

City Road, January 21, 1780.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

THE Georgia legislature has passed, by an overwhelming vote, the Veazey bill, which provides for State inspection of all such institutions as private sanitariums, convents, monasteries, and so-called "Houses of the Good Shepherd."

Inasmuch as the State already employs salaried Inspectors for her public schools, convict camps, her Sanitarium and her State Farm, it was difficult to frame an argument against the Veazey bill.

Some lawyers saw fit to make themselves ridiculous, by contending that the law of *Habeas Corpus* was amply sufficient to remedy any existing, or possible, evils!

During the last few years, thousands of Protestant children have been hidden away in convents and papal laundries, and not more than three cases have been reached by *Habeas Corpus*. A Washington City mother tried to rescue her daughter from a convent in Baltimore, and the "Sisters" mocked the Court by hiding the girl!

In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the victims of this infernal Roman system cannot be located, or they are spirited to another slave pen, before legal process can be served, or their friends are financially unable to employ lawyers.

In a Jacksonville case, where Hon. Ion L. Farris certified that no harm had been done, *the facts* were, that a Florida girl disappeared, and when Mr. Farris found her, she was confined in a convent *in New York*.

Whether or not any harm was intended. I will not undertake to say; but it must impress you as a most dangerous system, which swallows an American girl in Florida, and spews her out, in a distant State. And if such an influential man as Mr. Farris had not got after the Jacksonville priests, who can tell what would have happened to the girl?

The *possibilities* of such a system are hideous. It is un-American, un-Christian, and unlawful.

It must be broken up.

Our readers cannot have forgotten Laura Jones, the young woman of Texas, who was arbitrarily cast into papal imprisonment by Mrs. Graham, the imported Police Matron. This spiteful hell-cat flung Laura Jones into the Good Shepherd laundry, to remain three years, because the girl had disobeyed this detestable Matron in the matter of automobile joy-riding.

When Mrs. Corilla Bannister—after prolonged efforts—finally located the Texas victim, Mrs. Graham said to Mrs. Bannister:

"Yes *I* sent her to the laundry for three years, and if she doesn't behave herself, *I'll* make it *three times three*."

What's the law of Texas to a Police Matron of that stripe?

What's the Constitution of the United States to such an inhuman virago?

What are the natural rights of every free-born American to such a disgrace to her sex?

County Judge Davis was most urbane to Mrs. Bannister, but he either could not, or would not, give her any information as to the whereabouts of Laura Stone.

Since I wrote up the facts, some months ago, a letter, unsigned, came to me stating that Judge Davis, himself, had placed in a Romanist institution, at San Antonio, *the child of a deceased Mason*.

The letter further stated that the Masons got busy, demanded to know what had become of the missing child,

and made it so hot for Judge Davis that he took the child out of the papal pen.

Anonymous letters have no standing in court, and I would not even refer to this one, had it not been for the very unlawful and infamous situation which the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the County Judge, have allowed to exist right under their noses.

If Judge Davis did not put the Mason's child in a popish pen, he can say so, and I will publish his denial.

In the meantime, *where is Laura Stone?* She cannot be heard from. She was produced from the Popish laundry—looking woe-begone, and used up—but nobody can tell what became of her. She is probably hidden away in another of Rome's dark holes, as was the Florida girl who was traced to New York by Hon. Ion L. Farris.

Where is Laura Stone?

TELL US JUDGE DAVIS!

Hugh Cleveland Gresham, of Parker, Kansas, has published a booklet under the title—"How my sister disappeared through a Catholic convent." The price is 15 cents. If you are concerned about the constant disappearance of Protestant girls, throughout the land, address P. O. Box 181, Parker, Kansas, and secure a copy of this pamphlet.

This isn't a Maria Monk case. *This* doesn't relate to the Middle Ages. Oh no; it's an up-to-date case, and the last I heard of the victim she was in the big hell-hole in Louisville, Kentucky, and under the tutelage of the Pope's male virgins, the girl had become a mother.

There are *Forty-five* of these Good Shepherd slave pens in the United States, and they are holding *six thousand* Protestant girls at hard labor, from morning to night, in defiant violation of the 14th Amendment to the United States Constitution, and in violation of the State Constitution of every State.

But this foreign church, which has grown on Immigration and Protestant indifference, until *it flouts American laws*, seems to possess some subtle art which hypnotizes our Judges, disarms our prosecuting officers, deprives our public men of courage, and reduces our daily papers to abject servility. It is amazing.

Mr. E. W. Bricket, of Martinsville, Indiana, was one of the attorneys, employed by Mr. Gresham in his baffled efforts to recover his lost sister.

Under date of December 28, 1915, Mr. Brickett writes:

"I sincerely wish that every American citizen could hear Rev. Gresham tell the story of the treacherous and lying manner in which Rome took from him his sister. I was attorney for Mr. Gresham and KNOW something about it. **I had letters in my possession from Miss Gresham written while in the convent in Louisville,** and also letters written by **the Mother Superior** relative to the young lady, **saying that she was there and doing well.** But Mr. Gresham wrote the Mother Superior asking for his sister, and from that time on **they denied that the young lady had ever been in the convent in Louisville.** I went to Louisville twice and interviewed the Mother Superior and she denied that Miss Gresham had ever been in the convent. Then I engaged another attorney and sent him and he met exactly what I met. We would have gone with legal authority, but we learned that there were **so many Catholic officials both in the State and Federal offices that we knew that the convent would be notified by phone before we could reach them that we did not go to the expense to get the officers to search the house.** But when anything like this is up I have never met a Catholic who would tell the truth if some of their officers or priests tells them to lie."

E. W. BRICKERT.

Ex-Monk Walsh, who was formerly editor of *The Primitive Catholic*, of Brooklyn, says of convents:

"They are hiding places of immorality! History abundantly proves the fact! The testimoney of escaped inmates, added to that of others who have had access to the privacy of these institutions, confirm the statement. The unnatural celibate restrictions, together with the free admittance of well-fed ecclesiasticals, are of themselves sufficient to create suspicion in the mind of every citizen whose eyes are not blinded to the fact that Roman priests are made of the same clay as the rest of humanity.

We openly charge that the cloistered

nunneries are maintained for the purpose of entrapping confiding females in order that they may serve to gratify the carnal propensities of a self-indulgent celibate priesthood.

We dare the Roman priesthood to disprove the charge! We dare them to submit to an investigation of certain institutions which we shall name, and have the inmates questioned under the assurance that said inmates shall be protected from all ecclesiastical vengeance.

Under the threatening eye of the Mother Superior, the poor victim of priestly brutality will not dare tell the visitor that story of wrong under which her heart is breaking.

But place that same witness where she can feel that she shall be fully protected against further violence, and see if there is not a material change in her story. In the Court of Equity, Washington, D. C., on December 8, 1892, the brother of Henrietta Sanford sued for a writ of habeas corpus in order to rescue his sister from the house of the Good Shepherd. In the court room the young woman, when asked if she wished to return to her family, falteringly replied: "I am not detained." Her brother's counsel asserted that she was being intimidated by the Mother Superior, and requested the court to question her privately. The result was that the girl joyfully went home with her brother, glad to escape from her jailers, who had stripped her of her liberty and her money.

American citizens should unite their voices in the demand that nunneries should be thrown **open to official inspection,** for there is a strong presumption of guilt in the evident desire for concealment, not to mention the disgraceful facts which from time to time have come to light.

When, in 1848 Garibaldi visited in person every convent in Rome, he found that in every case the vaults were dedicated to the reception of **Bones of Infants.**

In Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma and Milan, subterranean passages have been discovered between monasteries and convents. Rev. Wm. Hogan described the manner in which the offsprings of priests were suffocated by their unnatural parents. The Rome correspondent of the **Pall Mall Gazette,** October 13, 1868, referring to a convent scandal, which then occupied the attention of the Vatican authorities, said: "Nearly the whole of the nuns, who are very young, were found to be as nuns should not be. * * * At length search revealed a subterranean passage, communicating with a monastery of Belgian Monks. * * * Monsignor Castellaci was blamed by the holy father for having failed to discover the secret communication and for defending the nuns, particularly the abbess, though she was in the same condition as too many of her flock."

The Paris correspondent of the London **Times,** of May, 1871, in describing the exposures which drew public attention to Rue de Picpus, tells how the Jesuit establishment stood next to the convent of the White Nuns, and that the two buildings communicated with each other by means of a door at the back of a stable, and other apertures in the garden wall, which showed signs of having been recently closed up. In a building in the nuns' garden were found mattresses furnished with straps and buckles, such as are used in French midwifery, as, well as a rack and other instruments, evidently for torturing the human body.

"When E. H. Walsh was an inmate of the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane, Nelson County, Kentucky, great public scandal was caused by the closing of a neighboring nunnery, which the abbot and other superiors of the monastery had turned into a house of prostitution. The Mother Superior had a husband who was in the penitentiary for horse stealing. The affair cost the abbot $10,000 hush money, which sum was paid by a neighboring distiller, named Taylor.

"Inexperienced girls, full of religious enthusiasm, are enticed into these prisons by the specious falsehoods of the priests and their female decoys, and awake when too late to the fact that they have been robbed of their liberty, property and honor. The white veil is a sentimental disguise. The renunciation of the world is made purposely to represent a marriage ceremony. Who are to be the husbands of these deluded brides? We are told that they are the "brides of Christ," they are married to the church. But Roman Theology makes the Pope the Vicar of Christ, and the Roman priests constitute the church. **Priests in the Confessional** teach innocent penitents that their sacerdotal persons being holy, certain acts which would be sinful in others become a means of spiritual grace when shared with them. We can thus estimate the result of this spiritual marriage on impressionable young females who are decoyed intto nunneries in their 'teens.

By what right has Archbishop Corrigan access to the **Females Imprisoned at Hunts Point,** which is denied to even the female relatives of those deluded victims? If a Roman prelate is allowed to keep a pass key to the dungeons wherein so many young females are confined, American ciitizens have a right to see what purpose is served by such a violation of the

requirements of social decency.

Nunneries are prisons in which women are restrained of their liberties. They are the establishment of a foreign despotic power that aims at the destruction of our independence, and as such, they are un-American and a blot upon our national honor. Women have been kidnapped and carried into these institutions. Escaping nuns have been dragged back screaming, to these prisons, as happened in St. Louis in December, 1891.

No investigation follows these outrages. Women are tortured and murdered in these institutions and no coroner's jury ever views the remains.

American civil authority turns pale and stops at the threshold. Why is this? Are we degenerated into a nation of cowards? Nunneries are being abolished in almost every country except our own. Foreign governments barely tolerate them at the present day and even Romish countries are driving them out.

"They are a trap and a snare, baited with a semblance of piety, and when their religious fever cools down, many of the inmates wish for the freedom they can never regain. Here is where the rights of citizenship are violated and a periodical inspection by civil authority must be insisted upon by Americans, that the inmates may have release and protection should they desire it.

"Oh, why do the American people shut their eyes to the wickedness of these nunneries?

Early Deaths Common.

From Sadler's Catholic Directory, and Ordo, we learn that more than one-half the obituaries are for persons under 32 years of age; 66 years represents the greatest longevity. We have Sister Mary, aged 26; Sister Seraphina, 28; Sister Mary, 32; Sister L., 20; Sister Mary Evangelist, 17; Sister Aurelia, 23; Sister S., 20; Sister Mary Bernard, 34; Sister Teresa, 30; Sister Mary Stanislaus, 25; Sister Mary K., 23; Sister Mary Paul, 24; Sister Mary Liguori, 26; Sister Philomena, 26. Other deaths at between 32 and 48 are given one of 66, one of 59. All these are obituaries for one year. Convents do not conduce to longevity.

John Evangelist Borzinski, formerly a physician in the convent of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague, in Bohemia (Austria), having left the convent and joined a Protestant church in Prussia in January, 1855, was arrested in March at his father's house in Prosnitz, Bohemia, and imprisoned first in a convent at Prosnitz, and afterwards in the Convent of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague, whence he escaped to Prussia in October following.

Ubaldus Borzinski, brother of this last, and a member of the same order, addressed to Pope Pius IX. in November, 1854, an earnest petition, particularizing thirty-seven instances of flagrant immorality and crime committed mostly by officials of his order during ten or twelve years previous, and entreating the pope to use his authority for the correction of such abuses; but for sending this petition Ubaldus Borzinski was long imprisoned in a part of the convent used as a mad house.

The case of Miss Edith O'Gorman should here be noticed. She was born in Ireland in 1842 of Roman Catholic parents, with whom she came to America in 1850. In October, 1862, she left her home in Rhode Island with the consent of her parents, and entered St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madison, N. J., belonging to the Sisters of Charity.

In her book, "Convent Life Unveiled," she says: "I was one day commanded to scrub with a brush and sand, on my knees, the large study hall. Great pain was the result. When the task was nearly finished the novice mistress appeared, and in a furious manner chided me for my laziness, snatched the brush from me with such violence as to tear the skin from the palms of my hands, at the same time throwing a pail of water over the hall, and thereby compelling me to rescrub the floor with hands torn and bleeding. On another occasion I was obliged to wash all the pots and kettles and scour all knives and forks in the establishment. My hands, which were naturally soft and white, began to look soiled and dirty. Having remarked in my simplicity to Sister Margaret, the housekeeper, 'Indeed, Sister, I am now ashamed of my hands,' she sharply retorted, 'Well, then, I'll be after making you more ashamed of 'em.' Accordingly she called me to another room, where a sister was whitewashing the walls, and commanded me to dip my hands into a pot of hot lime. I hesitated a moment, thinking certainly she could not mean it. However, I was soon convinced of her earnestness by her harsh tone. 'None of yer airs now, but do as I bid ye, or I'll tell the mother of ye.' I put my hands down into the hot lime, and she held them there some minutes. (This punishment was to lower her pride, to humiliate her.) For several weeks my hands were in a pitiable plight. The skin would crack and bleed at every movement, causing me to suffer the most excruciating pains, and yet I was forced to wash and hang out clothes in the frost and cold of December, the skin from my bleeding hands often peeling off and adhering to the frozen garments."

Trying one day to reach from the top of the step-ladder to the summit of the wardrobe, her foot slipped, precipitating

her to the floor. The step-ladder was broken. Tremblingly she gathered up the fragments and carried them to Sister Mary Joseph, at whose feet she knelt and asked for a penance. The angelic sister replied: **"You great, clumsy, wallowing, floundering flat-fish, it is just like you to destroy everything you touch,** and as a penance you will put your lazy back to work and make another pair just like them."

Working in a garden, a large earth worm flew up into her face and made her scream. Being reported, the sister ordered that she eat the worm. It was impossible! The sister took the worm and crowded it into her mouth! And this in America! We might expect to hear things such as these coming from Spain, Italy or even down-trodden Ireland, but this is told of St. Elizabeth's convent in New Jersey.

While still a novice she was sent to St. Joeph's Orphan Asylum, Paterson, N. J., where she was at once installed as Mother of the Orphans. July 25th, 1864, after an unusually short noviate, she took the irrevocable vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, at the mother house in Madison. The next month she was sent with two other nuns to Hudson City, N. J., to establish the new convent there at St. Joseph's church. January 31st, 1868, she left the convent because a priest, who had fallen in love with her **attempted in the church to violate her person** after she had unsuccessfully petitioned the mother superior to be removed from the place of danger to her soul; and as a consequence an intense abhorrence both of priests and of convents then filled her soul.

In 1870 she married Mr. William Auffray, formerly a Roman Catholic priest and professor in a French university. She gives particulars of the spy system among the nuns; of their cruelty to orphans, and to one another, their living death and not infrequently insanity; their incessant and repeatedly meritorious warfare against all that is sympathetic, and kindly and human, which harmonize with the picture of the convent life already drawn in these pages.

Recently from Detroit went out Mary McQuade from the Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. She says: "The direct cause of my leaving was my treatment by the Lady Superior. We were often made to get on our knees and eat our food off the floor, and to make the cross on the floor with our tongues. Our food was of the worst, and nearly always stale, for it was what was begged, and our hash was made of tea leaves and such stuff, and the catsup often had cockroaches in it.

A Girl Tells Her Experience in a House of The Good Shepherd.

(From Spirit of Seventy-Six Seattle.)

The exposures of the House of the Good Shepherd will go on until the place is made wholesale. At the present time it is a disgrace to all concerned, which includes the whole community. The fight will be conducted fairly. There will be no false staatements made or charges preferred which are not susceptible to proof. The proper authorities will be expected, and urged, to inquire fully into this matter and to provide such remedies as the law will warrant. We are prepared to produce such evidence of the villainy practiced in the House of the Good Shepherd as will assure its demolition by a justly incensed people if the evils are not corrected by what is known as lawful means. We wish to state at this point that if the law, invoked by the proper officers of this city, fail to right the wrongs of the sufferers, there are men in this city who have promised to attend to it themselves. If it should come to this, the fault will not be with those who might be termed law-breakers, but the blame will rest with the city officials, who through fear of offending the priests and their followers, have failed to do their duty. A casual inquiry and meaningless report will not do in this instance. There must be the most searching inquiry into the methods and practices of these Good Shepherds. Slavery will not knowingly be permitted in Seattle, and the present system under which the Shepherds conduct their laundry is a most debased slavery. Amelia Peltier, a young woman of twenty years, is another representative victim of the Good (?) Shepherds. The early years of this girl's life were passed under conditions which naturally culminated in her becoming an inmate of the "Sheepfold." Being of a temperament less combative than Mrs. Burnside, she was subjected to personal ill treatment. The subjoined affidavit gives a slight idea of what she suffered:

"Amelia Peltier, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"I entered the House of the Good Shepherd about five years ago and remained there for about four years. During that time I was compelled to work in the laundry, beginning work sometimes as early as three o'clock in the morning. The food furnished was very bad sometimes. Once there was corn-meal bread which had rat dirt in it and other filthy stuff. We, the other girls and myself, refused to eat it and were refused any other bread for that day. Sometimes I would be so tired with

work that I could not go on. For this I was punished by being compelled to kneel on the floor—at one time my hands were tied behind me—and I was forced to kneel upright until I was all tired out, almost the whole day. At another time Mother St. Rose ordered two girls to hold me on the floor while she threw a tub full of water on me. I asked for dry clothing, but was refused, and compelled to wear my wet clothing until they dried upon my body. Once I was held under the faucet by two girls under the order of Mother St. Rose.

"Some of the girls were made to dance before men. My sister Julia, who was a plump girl, was one of them. She was dressed in very short skirts and the neck of the dress was very low. One of the priests, Father Conlin, once felt of her breasts and said how nice she was; 'You are not very high, but you are broad out.' Beer was given to the girls at such times. I have had beer enough at one time to make me almost drunk. These kind of dances were held in the evening, and on Sundays there were often dances.

"Once a sister, Mother Isabella, struck me on the breast with her fist. This was in the summer of 1894 and the blow hurt me very much. I have had a lump on my chest ever since from the effects of that blow.

"When we went to work early in the morning we did not get anything to eat till after mass, although we were sometimes very hungry. I was one of the 'Children of Mary,' and had to do a great deal of work, more than I had strength to do, and the sisters were cruel to me when I could not work. Once Mother St. Theresa struck me on the head with a bunch of keys. I wanted to get out for a long time before I did get out. I desired to get out because I had to work so hard and had such poor food and was mistreated.

"I had three sisters in the House of the Good Shepherd, but they are all out now. One was there three years. **None of us can read or write, as we never had a chance to learn anything in the House of the Good Shepherd, only to work and dance.**

While I, with the other girls, had to work every day in the laundry, we were compelled to go a month without changing our underclothing.

"Besides working in the laundry, I had in the winter of '93 and '94 to saw cord-wood for use in the room of the Mother Superior. I sawed a whole cord of wood. The weather was very wet at that time, and the clothing that I had on—chemise, one skirt, and a calico dress—would soon be wet, but I had to keep at work.

"During the time I was in the house—four years—I never had a bath, and I never saw another girl have a bath during that time.

"There are many things worse than these that I do not care to speak of now, but I will some other time.

"X (Her Mark).
"AMELIA PELTIER."

State of Washington, County of King.

Personally appeared before me, Hiram J. Jacobs, a notary public in and for the state of Washington, Amelia Peltier, who being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says that the foregoing statement, by her subscribed and sworn to, is true in substance and in fact.

Dated, July 29th, 1895.

(Seal.) HIRAM J. JACOBS.
Notary Public in and for the State of Washington, residing in Seattle.

This unfortunate girl was in such a condition when rescued from the Shepherds that one medical man stated that had she remained in that prison house a little while longer she would have been a maniac. She was unable to walk erect, was nearly blind, and was as ignorant of all things of this world as the most devout priest, who depends upon the ignorance of his flock for a continuance of his own power, could wish. Kind treatment and good food have worked wonders in her case, and today she has regained much of her usual good health, and is able to see clearly. The marks left by the brutal "Sister's" hand upon the poor girl's chest, a slight deafness and the dullness of the perceptive faculties, which remain as a permanent legacy of the years of dread, are the present apparent effects of her four years' slavery. It is to insure the continuance of this dreadful place the people of Seattle are asked to furnish funds, for the Shepherds would now plaster the sheepfold. There are darker shades to this girl's experience, things which savor more of a sporting resort than a home for the destitute and unfortunate.

The low neck, short skirted dresses worn by the dancing girls, the beer provided for the girls and the admiring glances and caressing hands of his "Reverence" are a remainder of the palmy days of Cort's Standard theater.

Taken From the Columns of the St. Louis Republic of January 1, 1892.

"Catch her—stop her—pull her down quick; don't let her get up that wall or she's gone. Oh, my, there she goes." These were the cries that came from inside the walls of the House of the Good Shepherd on Eighteenth and Pine streets about 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. And these cries, together with many others

and angry and unintelligible sounds, were heard by the passers-by, and by and by the employes of the factory on the opposite side of Eighteenth Street, and everybody, stopped to listen, if possible, to see what was the meaning of the unusual commotion inside. They did not have to wait long. All of a sudden, a young girl, about 16 or 18 years of age, clambered up on the western wall of the enclosure and ran along it as if fearing to jump off. The crowd in Eighteenth Street had by this time become dense, while the employes of the factory across the street quit their work and rushed to the windows to see the outcome of the attempt of the girl to gain her liberty.

"Then they began to cry 'Jump! jump! Now's your time. Quick. We'll catch you! Now or never, if you want to get away. Look out there; they'll grab you. Why don't you jump?'

"But while she was still hesitating, another face appeared over the wall, and its owner clutched at the dress of the would-be runaway. Divining the intention of the newcomer, the girl tried to swing herself down from the top of the wall, but her clothing caught in some way, and she hung suspended outside the wall. A desperate struggle then began between the girl and her pursuer, who was standing on a ladder trying to draw her over the wall inside. The girl was drawn up to the top of the wall, but broke loose and pushed the ladder on which the person inside was standing from the wall, throwing it to the ground. But there were others on the inside, both nuns and inmates, who could be trusted, and other ladders were put up and more clambered up to catch the runaway who had now thrown herself again from the wall, but her dress still hung and she again dangled in midair.

"The whole convent was now alarmed, and from the windows on the west side were thrust out the heads and shoulders of the good sisters, who watched the struggle with horror and indignation on their countenances. Then came a cry, 'What if she drops? Run out, do, somebody, quick, and catch her and bring her in.' It was no sooner said than the large gate at the corner of the grounds on Eighteenth Street opened, and one of the sisters of Amazonian proportions, followed by a stout female attendant, an old man a and a boy, rushed out and ran down the sidewalk and stood directly under the suspended figure, which was swinging along the wall, the girl endeavoring to escape from the pursuers who were multiplying, and holding on to her clothing. All the time the crowd of men and boys, which was constantly being augmented, kept yelling encouragement to the one trying to escape, but none offered to assist her.

"Finally one of her pursuers leaned over the wall and, supported by two of the sisters, caught the girl around the body and tried to lift her up.

"The clothing was nearly pulled off her in the struggle, and at last they succeeded in pulling her inside. The party which had come outside then disappeared and locked and barred the gate; the heads disappeared from the windows, which were let down, the curtains were drawn, and all was quiet inside."

Some of the freaks of the Communists, when trying to hold Paris, were mad enough.

The correspondent of the London **Times** reports that in the Convent of Picpus were found instruments of torture and three cages in which three idiot women of advanced years were confined. We will let the correspondent tell the story premising that he visited the grounds and saw for himself:

"At the extreme end of the garden, however, are the three little conical huts, side by side, resembling white ants' nests, which have been the prime cause of so much excitement and judicial inquiry. When the convent was occupied by the National Guards these little huts were tenanted each by an old woman, inclosed in a wooden cage, like a chicken's pen, the three buildings being similar in size and construction, six feet square, by seven in height, with a slate roof through which daylight was visible, while the three old women were all of them hopeless idiots. The Lady Superior has kept her lips resolutely closed up to the present time, but admitteed, when first questioned, that the three sufferers had lived in their hideous prison for nine years, in an atmosphere of stifling heat throughout the summer and half-frozen with cold throughout the winter; 'but,' she added, "they were idiots when they came.' The conductor of the inquiry replied that if such were the case it was illegal to have admitted them to the convent at all, and that, even supposing them to have been admitted, the place where they were found was not a fit dwelling for a dog. A key was discovered among her papers labeled, 'Key of the great vault,' but where this great vault may be has not yet been found out. At one end of the nuns' garden stands an isolated building, in which were found mattresses furnished with straps and buckles. Also two iron corsets, and iron skull cap and a species of rack turned by a cog-wheel, evidently intended for bending back the body with force. The Superior explained that these were orthopedic instruments—a sup-

erficial falsehood. The mattresses and straps struck me as being easily accounted for; I have seen such things used in French midwifery, and in cases of violent delirium; but the rack and its adjuncts are justly objects of grave suspicion for they imply a use of brutal force which no disease at present known would justify."

WHAT HAPPENS TO GIRLS IN CATHOLIC NEW YORK, CATHOLIC TAMMANY AND CATHOLIC POLICE ENGAGED.

Child stealing for immoral purposes is practised in New York with a heartless ingenuity and on a scale almost unbelievable. It required the present District Attorney's investigation of the so-called vice trust and its police connections to reveal the maddening story of the pursuit of school girls as a cold business enterprise.

All previous vice trust disclosures dwindle into insignificance in the light of the confession of Yushe Botwin, a professional procurer, that thousands of girls in New York's high and grammar schools have been lured away in the last ten years and forced to earn money for their masters, who were insured against interference by the police. Schools and moving picture shows are the favorite grounds for hunting innocence.

He Alone Ruined Hundreds.

Yushe Botwin, by his own confession, has brought about the ruin of an average of 100 school girls a year in ten years. He is but one, and he is not the leading figure in the business. He says that to his knowledge there have been about 3,000 victims in the period mentioned. Girls were sold like so many articles of merchandise, and he gives a mercnant's estimate in round numbers. There were doubtless thousands of transactions tnat he knew nothing about, he says:

Yushe Botwin, though not the most important figure in the "white slave" traffic, knows more of its details than any one who has "talked." Pending his sentence under a plea of guilty to one of five indictments, the man is telling his story to Assistant District Attorney Smith from day to day as different leads develop in the course of questioning.

Police Involved in Traffic.

Four men and one woman are the most active agents in the rather loose combination that has been characterized as the vice trust. The District Attorney's office expects to obtain the evidence to warrant the indictment of all concerned.

"We are never going to let up—not for an instant, night or day, until we have put a stop to this horrible state of affairs," declared Mr. Smith. A police captain and a lieutenant may be involved, he said.

Botwin is 57, undersized, sneering and cynical. He regards the girls who informed against him as triumphant examples of ingratitude. Occasionally lapsing into a Yiddish patois, he cynically lamented his faith in womankind.

"Elsie!" he exploded to the Assistant District Attorney. "Why, what didn't I do for her? Didn't I put her in such and such houses where she could make money? And Dora! Oy! Oy! I never thought she'd squeal. I got away with it for twenty-seven years. I'm a smart feller. I thought I'd never get caught. Now that they are all squealing, I'm going to squeal myself."

Stalked Girls at School.

Botwin said some of the white slave principals stalked girls at school with the aid of well groomed young men who are allowed generous expense accounts to achieve their purposes. An attractive looking girl of budding maturity would be followed to her home. Then a careful investigation would be made to learn her station in life, her parentage and everything else that might indicate whether the enterprise were hazardous or secure.

No attempt was made, Botwin said, to pay attentions to a girl in a family of high standing. Efforts were directed rather to snare girls of foreign parents unacquainted with American customs. Daughters of the poor were regarded as the safest and surest game. The investigator would make a report to his employer and then, if the prospect were approved, the next step would be to strike an acquaintance with the girl, to be followed up with a campaign of ice cream, moving pictures, taxicab rides, presents and, finally, a demonstration of easy life on Broadway. When the girl had been committed to the life of shame the way was made more and more crooked for her. She was seldom allowed to remain in New York, but was sent to Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Pittsburg or Chicago.

Botwin Did Own Work.

"I didn't have any young men working for me," said Botwin in his affidavit. "I always looked them girls over myself. I bought the candy, and before long they called me 'Daddy.' I didn't trust anybody and preferred tc do my own work."

"How many schoolgirls do you figure that you obtained in New York city in the last year?" Mr. Smith asked the man.

"We got between fifty and 100," he answered. "There has been a great demand for "new" girls recently. So many women have been sent to the Mexican border."

"Weren't you afraid of the results of girls getting out of town—might they not communicate with their people?"

"No; we figure on human nature for that. Young girls are too ashamed and too much afraid ever to write home, after they have been away a while. They prefer to drop out of sight."

Botwin claimed that the girls, once compromised, are virtually kept prisoners until their attractiveness passes, and with it their earning capacity. He mentioned one member of the vice trust whose commissions on a 10 per cent basis in a certain week amounted to nearly $500. That, week forty-five girls shared their money with him, though not all were school girls.

Police Protection Necessary.

One indispensable requisite for business on such a scale is a house with police protection. Information about such houses is very valuable to members of the vice trust, and they are as keen about it as ordinary business brokers are about the facilities of their lines of trade.

In addition to stalking the schools, the vice trust maintains moving picture theatres in certain localities as adjuncts to white slaving, according to Mr. Smith's information. There are eight vice trust movie shows in a restricted district in Harlem, where likely young girls are admitted free. In the entire city there are more than fifty theatres of the same character and ownership, where perilous company awaits the girl that enters without protection. At present the District Attorney's office lacks the necessary evidence to proceed against these theatres. It was suggested that the first action might be taken through the Bureau of Licenses.

Many times in the course of his disclosures Botwin mentioned the name of "Mortsche" Goldberg, a notorious white slaver, who escaped to Buenos Ayres several months ago.

"The charges about Goldberg's relations with girls are not true," he said. "'Mortsche' didn't like a woman's face. He liked the money. At business he was like murder. Out of business, he was the liberalest man in the world.

"The police had confidence in 'Mortsche' because they knew he had a conviction in Philadelphia for white slaving, and 'Mortsche' never talked. He never lied in business. Outside business he was a big liar."

Goldberg, Mr. Smith was informed, paid houses he has in this city.—New York Times.

Bishop Keiley Flays Act of Legislature.

Savannah, Ga., Aug. 16.—"Intolerant bigotry," is the way Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, Bishop of Savannah and direct representative of the Catholic Church throughout Georgia, disposes of the bill passed by the Legislature providing for an inspection of private institutions.

Bishop Keiley gave out a long statement this afternoon to The Georgian correspondent. He said:

"I have not as yet had an opportunity of reading this piece of anti-Catholic legislation and so I am not familiar with its details. I do not know what persons are directed to make this so-called search, but if the bill provides that a legislative committee make the investigation I will, of course, feel called upon to insist that some gentlemen should be present, for I would not think of permitting members of this Legislature to go into any religious house in this diocese unless the inmates had some gentlemen present upon whom they could call in case of necessity.

Why Not Milledgeville?

"I see the bill to transfer the capital to Macon could not muster enough votes. I am surprised that the idea of transferring the legislative part of the government to Milledgeville fell through, though I would imagine that the members might be a little sensitive on the subject of Milledgeville. If the advocates of the transfer of the capital to Macon had been wise they might have helped their cause very much by suggesting an immediate use for the present building in Atlanta. The State House would make an admirable home for the feeble-minded and there would be little or no difficulty in finding subjects from all Georgia who are just now wasting their time and the people's money in the House and Senate. There are doubtless a few exceptions.

Makes No Difference.

"Of course, this piece of intolerant bigotry will make no difference to us. I am writing to see if Governor Harris will sign the bill and if any one of the candidates for Governor will have the manliness and decency to condemn it. A large number of the Sisters of Georgia have fathers and brothers who are living in the State and are estimable and respected citizens, who will no doubt appreciate the motives of such a visit and insist that some gentlemen, preferably the fathers or brothers of some of the Sisters, shall be present to protect the ladies present.

"It is so extremely in keeping with the deeply religious and chivalrous spirit of the men who voted for this bill that the object of their attack are women—some of whom nursed the yellow fever patients here and a few who were in the hospitals during the war between the States. It is

so worthy of Southern gentlemen to insult women."

The Governor has signed the Veazey bill, which reads as follows:

The Veazey Bill.

A Bill to be entitled an Act to provide for the inspection by State authorities of every private institution in which citizens of Georgia and of other States are kept in confinement by sanatoriums, private hospitals, private asylums, private orphanages, Houses of Good Shepherd, convents, monasteries, or any other institution under any other name, maintained by private individuals, corporations, churches or charitable institutions, within the State of Georgia, and for other purposes.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Georgia, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that in addition to the statutory duties of the grand juries in the respective counties of the State, said grand jury shall, at each regular term of the courts in their respective counties, appoint a committee of not less than five members from the grand jury, whose duty it shall be as soon as practicable after they are named on said committee, to visit, inspect and carefully inquire into every such sanatorium, hospital, asylum, House of the Good Shepherd, convent and monastery, for the purpose of ascertaining what persons are confined within said institutions, and by what authority such persons are held within the same.

Section 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That it shall be the duty of said committee appointed by the grand jury, to separately confer with each inmate of said institutions, for the purpose of ascertaining from said inmate how he or she came to be confined in said institution and what service, if any, in the way of labor has been imposed upon said inmate, and whether said inmate desires to remain in the custody of said institution.

Section 3. Be it enacted, etc., That the said committee of inquiry shall report to the judge and to the solicitor of said Superior Court, the names of any and all dissatisfied inmates of said institutions, together with a brief summary of the facts in each case, and that this report shall either be made in open court, or, where the court is in vacation, shall be published at the expense of the county, in the newspaper in which the legal advertisements of said county are published.

Section 4. Be it enacted, etc., That in every case where it is ascertained by said committee that any person is illegally deprived of his or her liberty in any of the institutions above named, said committee shall demand of the proprietor, keeper or custodian of said institution, the immediate liberation of such person; or, in case that such demand for the release of said person is not promptly complied with, upon the demand of the committee, it shall be the duty of the grand jury to specially present the owner, keeper, custodian or manager of such institution in a special presentment for false imprisonment, and for holding persons to involuntary servitude, in violation of the Constitution of the State of Georgia, and of the United States.

Section 5. Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws in conflict with this Act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

In Catholic California Where the Smothered Camminetti White Slave Case Arose.

San Francisco, Cal.—"Artie" Baker, a woman, has served—as a male convict—three years of a 14-year sentence for robbery in San Quentin penitentiary. "Artie" Baker is her real name.

Prison authorities must have known her sex. So must the federal officers who arrested her and obtained her conviction.

She is there today in the garb of a man, and until this story carried her appeal to the world, her secret had been locked within the prison's grim walls.

For three years "Art" Baker lived among hundreds of rough men, who one by one, learned her secret.

She was jostled and jibed and insulted until an appeal to the prison doctor brought her a separate cell and a little booth at one end of the big room, where from 1,400 to 1,800 men take their baths every week.

Even this bit of privacy accorded her by the prison's executives has not lessened the sting which this woman's life, lived among men, has brought on her.

"I will kill myself if they don't send me into the women's ward," she said, as I interviewed her at the prison. "I have lived three years of horror in this prison among male convicts and they have made my life a hell.

"I cannot describe the long days of labor among them in the jute mill and the prison yard or the insults offered me as we line up and march in and out of the prison.

"I experience the keenest suffering and humiliation when bathing time comes. The prison officials have at last allowed me to disrobe and bathe in a little booth at one end of the great bathroom, where from 1,500 to 1,800 men convicts take their baths.

"They have also given me permission to have a cell of my own, so that I am not

compelled to sleep in the same cell with a man convict. Before these privileges were granted me my life was even a greater hell than it is now."

"Artie" Baker's story reads like romance torn from the pages of fiction. She was born, a deformed baby girl, in a little Iowa farming town 40 years ago.

Her mother did not know her sex because of her deformity until she was 11 years old, and up to that time dressed her as a boy. Then a family physician was consulted and he told the mother that the child was a girl.

"My mother did not dare face the ridicule of the neighbors by putting me in dresses after I had worn boy's clothing," the woman prisoner told me. "So despite the physician's verdict, I went on living my lie to the world, as a boy instead of a girl.

"The instincts of a woman were so strong in me, however, that I began to excite comment among the neighbors. The children called me "sissy."

"In 1904 one of my brothers got into trouble. A girl was about to become a mother. To save my brother from prison, the girl from disgrace and at the same time to quiet the gossip of the neighbors about my effeminacy, I married the girl and became the "father" of my brother's child.

"Artie" Baker is a frail little woman with big eyes sunk deep into her head. Her face is lined from years of suffering in prison. Her hair is clipped short like that of a man. But even with this masculine mark about her and her man's garb, her step is mincing and her manner that of a woman.

She is a silent, suffering, pitiful figure among 2,300 convicts in California's Sing Sing.

Mary Greer's Sentence.

Editor of The Times: May I speak just a word of comment on the recent juvenile court case in your city in which Mary Greer was sentenced to the House of the Good Shepherd in the city of New Orleans for an "indefinite time?" I may be treading on dangerous ground and visions of "contempt" and other dire penalties arise before me, but I just "rise to ask" the lawyers and judges and the exponents of the "sacred cow" to give us the law, "page, verse and chapter," by which any American citizen can lawfully and constitutionally be sentenced for an indefinite term to a private penal pen. (For, after all the sophistry has been torn away that is what is left of it.)

This prison is not even under state supervision. Behind stone walls and iron latticed windows the "prisoners" labor in the laundries and sewing rooms and sometimes are forgotten by the outside world and the "indefinite sentence" becomes a life one. But, aside from the profound ignorance of the public and the authorities who sent them there, of their welfare and the conditions under which they labor, aside from the fact that this particular prison is owned and operated by a sectarian church for the avowed purpose of proselyting inmates to their particular faith, I most respectfully, yea, timidly, ask why the state declares penalties with no place for penalizing; makes a thing a wrong with no place for correction, and then, having placed itself in this most absurd position, what right has the court acting for the state, to devolve upon private concerns the duty of the state?

Suppose I were to start up a cotton factory here in Keachie and call it the "Home for the Wayward," surround it with a wall and iron bars, do you suppose the courts would send me any incorrigibles to "reform?" If not, why not? Surely, if I charter "The Wayward Home" I have just as much right as the "H. O. G. S." to "shelter" (?) incorrigibles.

I simply ask for information. One at a time, please. I remain the same old "Doubting Thomas."

V. M. RICH.

Keatchie, La., July 16, 1916.

Catholic Soldiers Object to Attending Protestant Services.

Douglas, Ariz., Aug. 7.—An unofficial request of Col. George T. Vickers, commanding the Fourth New Jersey infantry, that the regiment attend church parade Sunday, has caused hundreds of letters to be written today and it is promised that a real scandal will result.

Colonel Vickers wanted the men to attend as a matter of regimental pride, the parade being the first held since arrival of the organization here. He therefore requested the company commanders to turn the men out, it was said at the camp today. His request was received in the light of an order and the men marched to the parade ground for services.

The colonel is said to have called his officers and told them that if any of them had any scruples against attending the services, they might fall out. He neglected, however, to tell them to give the same instructions to the men.

As the regiment was marching to the parade ground, the colonel saw a number of privates leave the ranks and start toward Douglas. He is said to have ordered them back into the ranks "as a matter of discipline only," to quote his language in explaining the incident. The order was delivered by the regimental adjutant,

Captain Jackson, the men being threatened with arrest. They returned to the ranks and attended the services conducted by Chaplain J. Madison Hare, assisted by Chaplain C. W. Gulick, of the Fifth New Jersey infantry.

After the service, a number of the men are said to have written letters of protest to congressmen and to Joseph Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, complaining that they, although Catholics, had been compelled to attend a Protestant service under pain of arrest. They claim that there is nothing in the articles of war or military regulations to set such a precedent and that the constitution was also violated.

Hudson County, New Jersey, from which the Fourth was recruited, is largely Catholic and any real or fancied interference with religious observance invariably causes difficulties for the person interfering, some of the men said today.

The Rev. Father McMillin, chaplain of the Second Montana infantry, is to preach in the camp of the Fourth New Jersey next Sunday, it was said today.

FROM THE MENACE.

Those who believe the Inquisition is a thing of the past are deceived. The fact is, this cruel institution is still in full swing wherever the Romanists control.

In the jail at Litchfield, Minnesota, lies sweltering these hot August days one of the best patriotic workers in America. He was arresetd and carried before a Romanist judge, charged with selling obscene literature. He was selling a book which contains extracts from Liguori's "Moral Theology." This book as was proven in The Menace trial at Joplin, is a standard text book of Theology and studied by all Roman Catholic priests. It contains the vile and suggestive questions which priests must ask female penitents in the confessional.

This patriot, Frank B. Jordan, one of our strong fine lecturers and workers, when he was arrested and carried before Judge Daly, a Romanist, at Litchfield, made his own defense. The jury stood eleven to one for acquittal and finally **THE JUDGE SENT TO THE JURY ROOM WITHOUT THE CONSENT OR KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEFENDANT** the following instructions: "If you find beyond a reasonable doubt the defendant sold any book containing the obscene language set out in the indictment you should find him guilty.—R. F. Daly, Judge."

It will be noticed that this judge himself was determining that the language was obscene when that was the very question the jury was called to decide. After being thus directed, the eleven jurors who had held out for acquittal, finally came over to the one man, a pro-Romanist, and the verdict of guilty was returned.

The Free Press Defense League, learning of this situation, in which one of our patriots was placed by the unlawful conduct of the judge before whom he was tried, has sent T. T. Latimer, a patriotic lawyer of Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Litchfield to assist in securing the release of our patriotic friend. No effort will be spared to correct the injustice which has been done to this American citizen.

The Inquisition, which in this instance is the Roman Catholic hierarchy, must remove its foul clutches from this patriot and release him.

The great Romanist assemblage in New York was the Italian Pope's first imposing display of nation-wide power. Daily papers are to be awed, public men intimidated, secret societies welded together, and the superficial public soothed by plausible lies.

Cardinal Bill O'Connell who smiled "a terrible smile", when he took the oath to persecute Protestants to the utmost, and who has been doing that very thing ever since his return from Rome, made a brazenly false speech about the undivided loyalty of Catholics. He takes an oath of allegiance to a foreign potentate, and then prates about fealty to our Republic. He screens a rapist from prosecution, because the rapist is a priest, and then preaches about respect to our laws. He goes to a public banquet and demands a seat higher than that of the Governor of Massachusetts, on the ground that *he*, Bill O'Connell, is the Prince of a foreign ecclesiastical Empire, and then drivels patriotic gush in New York to deceive the thoughtless.

After the old rascal had gone to Italy and paid $10,000 for his red hat, he demanded that a regiment of soldiers be summoned by the Governor, to act as his honorary escort when he landed in Boston.

With one breath these three Irish cardinals, O'Connell, Farley, and Gibbons, emphasize their devoted adherence to all American institutions, and in the next demand the closure of the

mails to Protestant literature, a censorship over the moving picture shows, the *abolition of divorce*, and the organization of all *Catholic young men into rifle clubs*.

Disclaiming political ambition, they denounce the President for not yielding completely to the Catholic murderers of President Madero, and threaten him with Romanist vengeance at the polls.

The man who voiced the treasonous tirade against the President, is Anthony Matre, the Secretary of the criminal popish society which murdered William Black in Texas, and is charged with the assassination of Thomas Pearce in Florida.

Matre is a fanatical Italian, and it is vivid illustration of the evils of open-door immigration when such a villain can come in here and use governmental machinery as he has done in his 5-year prosecution of a native American like myself.

The New York gathering of oath-bound papists was *secret*. No one could enter without a papist card. Therefore the veil has not been lifted from the actual proceedings.

The public knows no more than the Pope's three Irish cardinals want known. But even in the published utterances of these sworn subjects of a foreign potentate, we find their demand for political and legislative control of this Republic, as follows:

(1) They arrogate to themselves the right to dictate our national policy as to Mexico. If they can control our relations with Mexico, it will be some other independent nation, next. The *principle* which they have asserted is, popish control of our foreign politics.

(2) They denounce the use of the mails by anti-Romanist writers, thereby striking at the freedom of the press.

(3) They demand control of moving picture shows, one way of educating the common people.

(4) They demand the abolition of our laws as to Divorce, having already trampled upon our marriage laws by enforcing the Pope's infamous *Ne temere* decree,.

For *the first* grand papal convention, that's a big programme. The Protestants are virtually told that they must surrender to the Italian Pope.

Sworn subjects of the Pope make this demand; but because they also *profess* loyalty to our institutions they expect to dupe the Protestants while they are in the very act of undermining Protestant principles.

Divorce is Woman's hope for equality and freedom.

Without that merciful deliverance from bondage, the condition of the wife would be as degrading and helpless as it was under Catholic dominion during the Dark Ages. Under popish laws, the husband took the wife's property, and did what he pleased with it. He treated her like a dog, if he was that sort of beast. He could beat her, imprison her, make a slave of her, rob her of her children, and outrage her in every way that a human brute could think of, and she had no redress.

The Pope and his cardinals believe that a return of the Dark Ages is possible. They are working for it, and the headway they have made is astounding. Superstitions which would have caused universal laughter 20 years ago, now occupy prominent places in the daily papers.

Infant paralysis carries off children in New York, in frightful batches of ten to sixty every day, but Mr. Hearst gravely publishes the lying account of how one child's diseased arm was cured by a touch of a nasty old bone, alleged to have belonged to a Jewess 1900 years ago. Men fall and die of sun-stroke in Chicago, but the papers tell of *one* man miraculously cured of sore eyes at the holy pool in Ohio.

In 1898, priests were selling pewter charms to ignorant Filipinos; now, they sell them to equally ignorant Americans. Some people pay the priests to ring up St. Anthony and St. Rita, and start the Saints to searching for lost keys, purses, horses, and jewelry, to collecting bad debts and securing tenants for vacant houses.

A man named Kelley died the other

day, and of course the priests were thick around him when he was going, for he was rich, and the priests wanted some of it.

They got it, as usual. Kelley left them *half-a-million dollars* to pay for *six thousand, five hundred prayers*, for "the repose of his soul."

Sometimes one story of real life, simply told, reveals a condition which is far from unusual and which illustrates marriage from the view-point of the wife.

Catholic bachelors have no knowledge of legitimate sex relations, and are the last men to dogmatize about them. Read the following experience of a Georgia wife who wrote in answer to one of the *McClure* Romanist magazine articles against divorce, but who could not secure a hearing in *McClure's*:

In your McClure's for March, you publish an article on alimony, which would lead one to suppose that any one who was tired of the bonds of marriage, had only to go to a lawyer, state their case, sue for divorce or separation and be handed out alimony on a silver waiter. I should like to submit my story, which throws light on another side and which if you publish, I feel sure you will find many women will say is their case also, or at least similar.

I married when just 19, a man with a fair salary, who was manager in a good business, had he taken care of it.

Being blessed or cursed with good looks he had a lot of women flattering him and running after him, which may have turned his head for the time being.

After being married about three months, he had paid such poor attention to his business that the firm told him they were going to close up, so he knowing it should pay, coaxed me to let him have the little money I had which, including a wedding present of twenty dollars, amounted to five hundred dollars to put into the business. For this he gave me notes, which needless to say he has never paid.

All this time he had made no effort to support me, every little while borrowing money from the lady with whom I had always lived, saying his business was so poor.

I was an orphan, both my father and mother dying when I was three years old and had been brought up by this lady, who having been brought up herself in the old days, when women knew nothing of business was easy to blind same as myself.

Of course we wondered where his money went, and when he was out late at night thought it was business as he said, instead of, as we found out later, gambling.

I was married only three months when he began to abuse me, twice he threw me down stairs, and did all sorts of unkind things, as I was pregnant, a time when most men are most tender to their wives. You can imagine my feelings.

I lived in dread of having a deformed child; most of the time was spent in tears.

Finally the lady who had been in place of a mother suggested that she take me to the country until after my baby arrived, which of course he was glad of, as he saw an escape from the expense now coming.

We went to a small country town and there my daughter was born. My husband acted like a fiend at that time, causing me to have a serious set back. He never offered to pay one bill, doctor, nurse, or board during all the time and he used to come every Sunday and stay two or three days.

Meanwhile the lady had given all the baby clothes, bought its crib and carriage and everything needed.

He was always going to get a new position and when the baby was about seven or eight months old I even took in plain sewing and embroidery, letting him have the money when the baby needed things, thinking he was really trying to do better and would repay me later. Finally when my baby was a year old I found that he had been lying again and was not making any effort to do better, so I told him that when he provided a home for me and his child then I would go and live with him, but I did not intend to take the chance of raising more children for some one else to support, nor did I propose to see the one who had taken the place of a mother towards me support him in idleness and impoverish herself.

It is now almost 18 years since I told him this; during this time he has never offered me a home and for years he made no effort to seek us out, although I always knew where he was and a little of his doings.

Different times I went to lawyers and asked advice in trying for support, I never received the slightest encouragement towards obtaining it when I said I had no great amount of money to spend, but always was advised to get a divorce and marry again.

If I said well I have no money to spend for detectives as the law in this state requires more than gossip and hearsay, I was told well as he is out of the state it would be hard to force him into support, and you don't want to live with him do you? So why do anything?

When my child was three or four years old I thought I would like to study nursing, but was told no married women were accepted anywhere, unless legally separated, so I then had my lawyers make an appeal to him for my freedom so I could have a means of support, but he claimed he was opposed to divorce on the grounds of his religion—Roman Catholic.

I was then in my twenties, but having been quite an invalid during my school years I was too far behind to think of any kind of teaching and never having been prepared to work, it was hard to find anything to which I was suited or which was permanent, also I had to answer so many questions and if I told the truth that I was away from my husband, in most cases that was an invitation from men to be fresh, and impertenent and make it generally unpleasant, because it seems to be taken for granted a woman is always in the wrong.

If I said I was a widow some busybody always popped up and began to ask questions: "Where your husband died, where he was buried, what he died of," 'till one almost choked trying not to be rude and say "mind your own business."

At last, after fourteen years I heard he had a very fine business so I humbled myself and went out to where he lives and asked that he do something for us. I even offered to bring all my things out and have a home, but he informed me he would do nothing for me, but might be willing to send something to his daughter.

Meekly I returned and waited for the promised check which came not, then I sent a night letter saying if check was not forth coming I would return immediately and then it came with a note to my daughter making all sorts of promises which of course he has failed to keep.

For two and a half years he sent a check to my daughter each month, in the meantime he came on and met us in a nearby city four different times and each time he tried to coax me to go out of New York state and let him divorce me so he could marry again and have a home which he desired. His religion now does not appear to bother him when he wants the divorce.

When I refused he said I had not my daughters interests at heart and threatened all sorts of things if I did not give in to his wishes. When he found this did not work he cut off sending any money, no matter how often my daughter wrote or how much she told him she was in need of it.

At last, a year ago when she graduated, she asked him for the money he had already promised to give her when she was ready for college but until just a day or so before registration he never replied, then said he might be able to give her ten dollars a month, which of course would never pay even tuition let alone books, etc., and he does not even send this small amount regularly.

I have been told that there is a law in this state (New York) which says a man does not have to support his children after 14 years of age but another law says a girl may not go to work until she is 16 years old.

Of course when he comes into New York state, one could have him arrested, but what does one gain by that if he is determined not to pay?

Many women shun the publicity in such cases and lack of money prevents having it done in a quiet manner and so one has apparently no redress.

I think you will find there are as many cases of this sort as of those drawing allimony, but those like myself suffer in silence rather than be subjected to newspaper notoriety and scandal.

At one time when, my daughter was quite seriously ill, I wrote him, sttating I thought he should know her condition. He paid absolutely no attention although I know he must have received the letter, for it was registered and the card came back.

C. F. D.

A conspicuous ad. in a Rhode Island paper reads:

The Rhode Island Shopping Mecca.
BOSTON STORE
Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
Hair Goods—Beauty Parlor
All French Convent Hair

20-Inch Naturally Wavy Switches....4.75
22-Inch Naturally Wavy Switches....7.00
Transformations, naturally wavy....5.98

Regularly 7.50 Each

Manicure, Massage, Shampoo and other Beauty treatments given by skilled attendants. Hair dressed FREE with all purchases of Hair Goods.

We specialize in Grey Hair Goods.

France suppressed the convents, and the nuns' hair advertised for sale was no doubt shaved off the head of poor girls of New England.

JOHN KENNEL, NEW YORK SLEUTH, IS DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

New York, July 27.—John Kennel, a city detective who played an important part in the recent wire tapping activities of the police, attempted suicide today by shooting himself in the breast and is in a critical condition. Kennel, "listened in" in conversations of members of the Roman

Catholic Clergy while investigating charges that they conspired to obstruct justice during the investigation into charitable institutions and a week ago was subjected to a test conversation in court to indicate whether or not he could copy conversations correctly. The test was pronounced a failure and Justice Greenbaum had orderedanother test for tomorrow. Worry over the outcome is believed to have prompted him to shoot himself.

Police Commissioner Woods in a statement today said Kennel was a good officer and knew he had told the truth, but feared the failure of the test would make it appear he had testified falsely.

The detective, at the point of death in the hospital made this statement:

"I am a Catholic, a good Catholic. I simply did my duty, something I had to do, and was ordered to do. I did it honestly and that is what hurts. But my family and myself were snubbed."

Because he swore to the truth against the priests who have misused the City's charity funds to the injury of orphan children, the criminal priests declared a boycott against the honest Catholic officer, and it worried him into the attempt at suicide.

MAYOR MITCHEL AND THE MOTU PROPRIO.

The conflict between Mayor Mitchel and certain ecclesiastical and political influences which are trying to thwart his reform of some of the charitable institutions in New York, brings up a very interesting question as to what if any influence the Roman Catholic Church may try to exert upon the Mayor, he being a member of that church, by its papal edict called **Motu Proprio,** which reads as follows:

By a decree issued October 9, 1911, being one of several that are headed **Motu Proprio** and published in the official **Acta Sedia Apostolica,** it is said:

"We enact and ordain that all private persons, whether of the laity or of the sacred orders, male or female, who without permission of the proper ecclesiastical authority, cite before lay tribunals any ecclesiastical person whatsoever, either in criminal or civil cases, and shall publicly compel them to be present in court, **SHALL INCUR EXCOMMUNICATION RESERVED IN A SPECIAL MANNER TO THE ROMAN PONTIFF.** And what is ordained in these letters we will to be valid and good in all, all things whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding."

The German Government refused to allow this decree to be declared or enforced in its domain; but in this country it has no doubt power to interfere with the action of our laws, because the fear of ex-communication is a powerful detriment with devoted Roman Catholics.

Our able and fearless Mayor has said very plainly "I believe that the Government should keep its hands off the altar of the Church but I just as deeply believe that the Church should keep its hands off the altar of the Government."

We hold, with The Outlook, this is good doctrine and "the Church cannot be free which endeavors by libel, abuse and criticism and by interfering with the regular processes of law, to prevent an officer of the law from doing his duty."

One prominent Roman Catholic priest has said in print, "modern sociology and its allies" is a "highly organized agency of paganism"—founded upon a philosophy of revolt which is fast becoming adufication of the State. But no attempt has been made by these pagans to unite Church and State and worse still to place the Church over and above the State with special exemptions and privileges for the priests of the church before our Courts; and this is the crux of the whole situation and is worthy of careful consideration.

J. C. PUMPELLY,
In The Guardian of Liberty.

ASSAILS THE HIBERNIANS.
Priest, Recalling "Mollie Maguires," Resigns Rectorship.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—The Rev. Daniel I. McDermott has resigned as rector of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church because of differences with Archbishop Prendergast over the conduct of the State Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the sessions of which will open on Monday at Pottsville. In a statement issued today Father McDermott says he wrote to the Archbishop calling attention to the fact that Pottsville, the convention city, was a hotbed of the "Mollie Maguires," whose crimes during the years of 1875-1879, he says, "were virtually committed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians."

"Nothing but the fatuous guilt that impels the murderer to visit the scene of his crime and leads to his arrest and conviction," Father McDermott wrote, "could blind the Ancient Order of Hibernians to the fact that such an ostentatious demonstration will revive the unpleasant memories of 1875-79 and arouse public indignation against the order."

In another part of his statement Father McDermott, referring to arrangements for the convention, protests at what he calls "the indecency of erecting a 'court of honor' almost at the door of the jail, on a street along which were borne the bodies of the unfortunate ones who were hanged in 1877-78-79."

For fifty years Father McDermott has been outspoken in his opposition to the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He was pastor of a church in Pottsville when seven men were hanged for crimes attributed to the "Mollie Maguires," and he was confessor of six of them as they went to the gallows. Archbishop Prendergast and his secretary, the Rev. W. J. Walsh, were out of the city tonight and could not be reached for comment on the priest's resignation.

Joseph McLaughlin, National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, would not discuss Father McDermott's attitude toward the organization.

Father McDermott's protest is chiefly against the opening of the convention with a solemn high mass in St. Patrick's Church of Pottsville. Father McDermott has been at St. Mary's thirty-one years. This is his third resignation in two years. The former resignations were not accepted.—New York Times.

K. OF C. GUESTS OF WILSON.

Senator Lewis Sponsor for Visitors From Chicago—Off to Old Point.

President Wilson received a delegation of the Knights of Columbus from Chicago yesterday morning at the White House. The knights, who are members of St. James Council, were presented to the President by Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois.

After leaving the White House the visitors journeyed to Brookland by automobile, where they visited the Catholic University and the Franciscan Monastery. They were shown about the city by Dr. J. Rozier Biggs, W. H. Callahan and Francis J. P. Cleary, who accompanied the visiting knights to Old Point Comfort last night. The trip was made down the river on the steamer Northland.

From Old Point the party will go to New York, thence to Albany, and later to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Other points of historic interest will be visited before the knights return to Chicago.—**Washington Post.**

But when the California Masons, after their national convention, went to Washington with the ladies of their families, Tumulty, the Jesuit, refused to allow them to see his President.

BOMBING THE MENACE.

A Dastardly Crime, But Fortunately With No Loss of Life and Comparatively Small Financial Loss—Perpetrators Not Yet Discovered.

The dispatches concerning the explosion of bombs in the Menace office were very brief. Said the St. Louis Times, July 30:

Aurora, Mo., July 29.—The presses of the Menace, an anti-Catholic newspaper, were damaged slightly early today by the explosion of three bombs.

No one was injured, although the night watchman was in the building at the time.

The bombs had been placed under the floor, which was badly damaged, and some loose paper was set on fire by the explosion.

The first explosion took place at 4:15 o'clock. The first blast resulted in a small fire, which was checked.

It is thought that the person who laid the bombs entered through a back door and crawled under the floor through the heat tunnels. John Ray, the night watchman, heard some disturbance before the first report, but not being able to locate the sound, had gone to the second floor when the first bomb exploded. About five minutes elapsed between the explosion of the first two and the third bomb.

The last charge was set with the evident intention of wrecking the job press. This week's issue of the Menace, dated August 5th, carried several election articles and an unusually bitter attack upon the pope. It is customary to start the presses Saturday, but in an effort to defeat Cornelius Roach, a Catholic candidate for governor in the State, the publication had been printed Friday.

Workmen started to work on the presses early today, and it was said the paper would come off the press as usual.

No arrests have been made.

Damage was estimated at about $1,000.

A dispatch in the Philadelphia "North American" says:

"On account of fear of more explosions, the building was closed by city authorities for a short time, and an investigation made by electricians to ascertain the nature of the explosion.

"Marvin Brown, managing editor of the Menace, expressed the opinion that the persons who caused the explosion had entered a window in the rear of the publishing company's building.

"A reward of $1,000 was offered by Brown for the arrest of the person responsible for the explosions. He said the Menace had received many threatening letters, but there had been no direct threat to destroy the plant.

"B. O. Fowler, chairman of the Menace editorial board, says that the bombing undoubtedly was timed in an effort to prevent this week's publication. A day or two will be required to get the plant in running order again.

"Sheriff Charles Terry reached Aurora shortly before noon, and at once began an investigation of the explosions in an effort to ascertain the make of the bombs. Be-

fore his arrival, bloodhounds were taken to the plant and a trail found which the dogs followed for several blocks, then it was lost.

"Undoubtedly the men responsible for the explosions got in a motorcar at the point where the trail was lost and drove away," the managing editor of the Menace explained. "We have, so far, no other clues than those turned up by the dogs."—**The American Citizen.**

Some Truths About Convents.

Coming out of Savannah on Friday, July 21st, two Catholic nuns were seated just across the aisle and in front of us. As the train was crowded, a lady considerably past middle age shared a portion of the seat which we were occupying. Having heard so much in regard to Roman Catholics, and knowing that Savannah was largely Roman Catholic, we engaged the lady in conversation. "These are sisters of charity, are they not?" we asked. To which the lady replied: "You can call them sisters of charity, if you want to; but there is not much charity in getting all you can and never giving anything."

"To what church do you belong?" was our next question.

"I belong to that church, but I've quit going," she said.

"Why have you quit going?" was our next question.

"Because the whole thing is so rotten," was the reply.

Then she let out and here are some of the things she said:

"I sent my daughter to a convent in Louisville, Ky., several years ago, and you just ought to know how she was treated. When I sent her there she had a lot of beautiful and costly jewelry, and a lot of pretty clothes, and when they got her up there they took her jewelry away from her and told her they were going to sell them for 'charity.' They took her pretty clothes, and in their stead dressed her as if she had been a slave. They made her do all kinds of work—scrubbing, washing, ironing, sewing and everything else—all for "Charity."

"One of the girls in school up there was sick and it was reported to the mother superior, who said that there was nothing the matter with the girl and that she could cure her. Whereupon she took a stick and proceeded to beat the girl and injured her spinal cord to such an extent that she was maimed for life.

"I went to visit my daughter, and found everything in a filthy condition. She was as lousy as a hog. The mother wanted to cut her hair off, but I objected. Furthermore, I told them that I was going to carry my girl back home. To this they objected. I told them if they did not let my girl go, that I would present the matter to the Humanitairan Society and have that rotten placed closed up. I took my girl home.

"When I sent her there she carried with her a handsome trunk. They had disposed of the trunk and gave her a little old cheap suit case." "Why didn't you make a kick about it," we asked.

"Because I was too glad to get my girl home, she said.

We asked her why it was that her daughter did not write her about the condition of things.

"She did, but they never let a letter go out that would bring them into disrepute," she said.

Right here we decided to test her loyalty to her church, and her faith in its tenets; so we asked her this question: "You do not believe that a priest can speak a few words and change a glass of wine into the blood of Christ, or a wafer into His flesh do you?" "Well," she said, "I believe if a person has faith they can do anything. It all depends upon our faith."

Here is a woman who has had the experience of knowing to what extent the Roman Catholic Church is an institution supported by graft, and still she acknowledges its doctrines and believes that in that institution there is salvation.

We asked her name, which she refused to give, saying she was not talking for publication. She was riding on a pass, as she stated that her husband was a R. R. employe. We happened to see her name on the pass and can give her name if necessary.—**La Grange, Ga., Graphic.**

AN OPEN LETTER AND APPEAL.

To the Editors of the Daily and Periodical Press of the United States.

Realizing the paramount influence the press of our country has had, and will have in forming public opinion on the relation of the United States and Mexico, we appeal to all editors to use their power in the interest of truth, sincerity and constructive statesmanship.

The popular conception of the Mexican situation is based on misinformation and ignorance. Very recently agitation and false ideas of the personality and aims of the Mexican leaders might have forced a war with a people oppressed, impoverished and exploited, who should have only patient sympathy, and wise and disinterested help from the government and citizens of our country.

There is great need for the press to place the facts before our people and to interpret them in a broad and enlightened spirit. The people can learn the truth only through the press,

The occasion requires reporters trained by experience and study to observe and record the events and movements of real significance. There is equally great need for constructive editorial service to interpret the facts in the generous spirit of the true statesman and patriot.

The fundamental facts of the situation are, we believe, as follows:

Mexico suffers from the misgovernment of centuries. The land has been, and is, held in vast tracts by private owners, of whom many are foreigners. While there are exceptions, nearly all these landholders have for generations reduced their tenants to peonage, or practical serfdom, and have forced them into ignorance and depraved conditions of life.

The vast natural resources of Mexico, in oil and minerals, have been made over by concessions to English, German, French, Dutch and American owners on such terms that the national wealth flows to other lands, and the native Mexican labor is exploited so that the workers continue impoverished and unenlightened.

The dictorial and autocratic power of earlier presidents crushed out the democratic spirit and imposed throughout Mexico the rule of unscrupulous and all-powerful local political agents, who manipulated elections, administered the laws to suit the interests in power, and ruled with ruthless military authority.

Education, marriage and other social institutions have been church monopolies, and there have resulted ignorance and general neglect of what we consider common duties of decent living. Insurrection, revolution and local anarchy have prevailed for a period of years.

From the chaos some order is gradually appearing. In the judgment of men competent to form an intelligent and fair opinion, the so-called First Chief and his assistants are endeavoring honestly and with a fair measure of success to restore government and redress the age-old wrongs of the Mexican people.

A large number of the states are at peace. As rapidly and justly as possible land is allotted to small holders on terms that guarantee continued cultivation of the soil and the independence of the workers. The local political autocrats of the earlier regime are being gradually supplanted by duly constituted civil officers, who represent the best element in their communities. The church monopolies are abridged and education and other important matters are placed under civil authority. In a number of states traffic in alcholic drinks has been abolished with immediate good results.

There has developed an intense rivalry among the different states to see which can organize the greatest number of schools. Already there are said to be twenty times as many schools as in the last epoch of President Diaz, **and under the influence of Carranza** five hundred teachers have been sent to the United States to study modern pedagogy and school administration.

Several of the states, chiefly in the north, near the United States border, are unsettled and in insurrection. Roving bands of outlaws are abroad and lawless leaders are making trouble.

For a time such men will make raids and commit depredations not only in Mexico, but occasionally over the border in the United States.

The boundary between the United States and Mexico is 1756 miles long, as far as from New York to Denver. Most of this distance is wild mountain and desert country, without roads and with very little water. For hundreds of miles there is no railroad on the Mexican side, and troops of either country must be transported on the United States railroad. Such a border cannot be patrolled so as to prevent occasional incursions by outlaw bands, and it is more criminal than foolish for the press to urge such chance acts of outlawry as a cause of war.

These in briefest form are some of the facts the people of the United States are entitled to know. If properly presented

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BIBLE."
It is sex. You should read this Book. Price $3.00.
Address the author
SIDNEY C. TAPP, Dept. C. A., Kansas City, Mo.

BURBANKS SPINELESS CACTUS
Acknowledged to be
The Best Forage Crop in the World.
For cattle and hogs there isn't a better feed in existance. I am prepared to furnish this wonderful plant at 30 cents per slab, $3.00 per dozen, 50 or more at 20c per slab f. o. b. Moultrie, Ga.
J. J. BATTLE,
Moultrie, - - Georgia.

DR. WELCH'S
606 Blood Tablets
A Sure Relief for all and the worst forms of BLOOD DISEASES, or money back. Price $1.00. Write today.
WELCH MEDICINE CO.
Chula, Ga.

and that is what hurts. But my, my fam-
public opinion.

Although there is need of co-operation with Mexico for police patrol duty, our country does not need a large force of young and inexperienced troops on the border.

The army needed is a force of educators, teachers, doctors, sanitary engineers, farmers and agricultural experts, who will volunteer for terms of two or three years in the spirit of service, such as we rendered Cuba at her time of crisis. It would be legislation worthy of our country for the government to make a liberal appropriation for such co-operation. It could be done by a slight curtailment of the proposed naval program.

In conclusion we again appeal to the press of our country not only to exert its power in supplying (in larger measure) trustworthy information about Mexico, but also to take its true place in guiding the thought of America and the world along constructive lines of international service and goodwill. Such an editorial policy, widespread and consistent, will raise a discussion that has presented many unworthy and ignoble elements, to a place of enlightened, fraternal service worthy the press of a great democracy.

The Peace Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, 304 Arch St., Philadelphia.

SELL TREES.

We can offer a good proposition to one reliable man in every county to sell trees. Some of our men have been with us over 25 years.

The work is pleasant, permanent, profitable. Full particulars on request.

Give three business men as reference.

J. VAN LINDLEY NURSERY CO.,
Box J. Pomona, N. C.

The Cream of Mr. Watson's Miscellaneous Writings Covering a Period of 30 Years

ALTOGETHER APART FROM HIS POLITICAL, ECONOMIC AND HISTORICAL WORK.

They reflect the rare, occasional mood of the man of ideals, of hopes and dreams, of love and sorrow, of solitary reflection, and of glimpses of the inner self. We call the volume

PROSE MISCELLANIES

We have a beautifully printed and illustrated edition bound in board covers, and the book is typographically as pretty as new shoes.

PRICE $1.00, POSTPAID

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

"Jewels of Masonic Eloquence and Stories,"

suitable for appropriate occasions of the festive board or thoughtful congregation and over 100 true stories of Mercy and Assistance given and freely granted at the "Distress Signal" and reasons for the Roman Catholic Church's foolish fight on Masonry and history of the wonderful part played by Masons in our National Affairs, selected from the American States, Europe, Asia and Africa, in handsomely bound, highly illustrated book of nearly 400 pages, of limited edition, priced at $2.00. Should be in every Mason's home and Lodge.

"Jewels of Masonic Eloquence and Stories" contains the grandest and most eloquent speeches, the most witty addresses, appropriate for any Masonic occasion, selected from the brainiest and noblest Masons. Hear them tell the sublimest truths of the teachings of Freemasonry; of the history of the struggles of Freemasonry, combating ignorance, superstition and oppression in all the countries of Europe, North and South America; of the part played by Masons, fighting for free and representative Government, liberty, equality, of its origin as beginning in the gray of the world's morning; of its Charity which writes a Brother's fault in the sand and his virtue in enduring brass.

In it, read of the Mason's part in the American Revolution. It is like writing a history of the War itself. From the immortal Washington, Commander-in-Chief, and his principal Generals down to many worthy privates in the regiments under them; from John Paul Jones, the greatest of our fighters on the ocean, down to the hardy seaman who manned his guns; from Grand Masters Benjamin Franklin, Peyton Randolph and other great leaders in the Continental Congress, down to less famous patriots, in the Council of the young Republic—in all ranks of Military and Naval life, in all grades of civil society the Mason's foot-print is seen and described.

This book makes a special appeal to all lovers of real eloquence, Masonic history, anecdotes, incidents, and what is best in Masonic life and literature.

Price $2.00. With the Masonic Herald one year, $2.50.

Order at once. Address,

O. S. LEE,

Dept. J.

Thomson, Georgia.

THE WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

One Dollar a Year

Send For Sample Copy

A Magnificent Advertising Medium

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GA.

NEW EDITION

OF

NAPOLEON

By THOS. E. WATSON

Sold in France as the Best One-Volume Life of the Emperor, and Regarded as a Standard, by Eminent Scholars

Bound in Cloth,
Illustrated, Best Paper
and Typographical Appearance

LIMITED EDITION

PRICE $1.50

POSTPAID

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

THOMSON, GEORGIA